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STRAY CUTTINGS
FROM
WILD FLOWERS





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STRAY CUTTINGS

FROM

WILD FLOWERS

ETC.

BY

A CLERGYMAN'S GRAND-DAUGHTER.

“the muse plain truths
Has ventured into light; well pleased the verse
Should be forgot, if you the truths retain.”

LONDON
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.
ROBERT TAYLOR, CHEPSTOW: W. N. JOHNS, NEWPORT
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MDCCCLXI.

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PRINTED BY EDWARD HOWELL,
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TO
JOHN SYERS JONES,
OF
VALPARAISO,
(ELDEST SON OF J. GREGORY JONES, ESQ.,
COLLEGIATE INSTITUTION,
LIVERPOOL,)
IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE HAPPY
DAYS OF HIS CHILDHOOD,
THESE
"STRAY CUTTINGS FROM WILD FLOWERS,"
ARE INSCRIBED
BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND
AND
AFFECTIONATE GODMOTHER,
A. S.

LIVERPOOL, *August* 20, 1861.



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5

STRAY CUTTINGS
FROM
WILD FLOWERS
ETC.


Wild flowers.

SNOWDROP—rising from thy bed,
Early lifting up thy head,
Thee I hail, thou beauteous gem,
First in Flora's diadem.
Sweetly doth thy modest dress
Tell of bridal loveliness,
Harbinger of life and good,
Peeping in the leafless wood :
Thee I greet, with fond delight,
Gleaming in thy robe of white,
Bursting from thy pent-up tomb,
Telling me of joys to come ;

Welcome, truly, is the hour
When I hail thee, first-born flower:
Celandine, thou'rt peeping, too,
'Neath the hedge-row, bright to view ;
Oft these hands thy roots conveyed
To my garden's sacred shade,
Watched thee with a longing eye,
As the angry storms swept by,
Wondering if thou'd cheer my sight,
When the changing skies were bright :
O that I thy praise could sing,
Like the bard,* whose hand could fling
Round thy simple, early flower,
Charms which glowed beneath his power.
Now another gem I see,
Daisy ! What can please like thee ?
Quickened is the life-blood, when
Studding hedge and field again,
First I catch a glimpse of thee,
Flower of childhood's happy glee ;
And I envy not the heart
That can see thee, and not part
With a sigh for by-gone days,
As his memory backward strays
To those sweet, those happy hours
When he only trod on flowers.

* Wordsworth.

England! O, what land like thine,
"Where daisies, thick as starlight shine,"
And the violet's balmy breath
Floats like incense o'er the earth;
Where the primrose, mild and pale,
Lives in every peaceful vale,
And the rose and eglantine
Wild, do in thy hedges twine.
Pimpernel, I see thee, too,
Weather-glass, both good and true,
And the harebell bending low,
Quiet, doth its beauties show.
Joy! O joy! the fields are bright
With the meadow saffron light;
And its beauteous beds appear
Lengthening out the falling year;
Whilst Clematis graceful droops,
Or catching, falls in twisted loops.
Heart's-ease! be that grace my lot—
Welcome, too, "Forget-me-not;"
Telling of the absent one,
Who from country—friends—is gone—
Go, and whisper in his ear,
"Absence makes thee still more dear;"
Daily prayers for thee arise,
May their perfume reach the skies!
Stretch the hand of faith, and grasp
Flowers immortal in thy clasp.



Flowers, whose bloom shall never fade,
For the righteous only made ;
Flowers of peace, and joy, and love,
Rooted in yon world above :
There they grow, and flourish fair,
Free from earth's polluted air—
Flowers of earth ! ye droop—we sigh—
Flowers of Heaven ! ye never die !

The Violet.

I.

COME, let us leave the busy town,
With all its care and noise,
And with some kindred spirit, go
And taste pure Nature's joys.

II.

The year is young, and hopes are bright—
What more could we desire ?
Try and forget the wide, wide world—
Let happier thoughts inspire.

III.

Forth, let us roam down sunny lanes,
Where many a flow'ret grows ;
Where budding hedge-rows thickly stand,
Where many a streamlet flows.

IV.

Long have they slumber'd in their beds—
Ice-bound they quiet lay ;—
Now, they are starting into life—
Unlocked, they freely play.

V.

They seem to hush the noisy strife
That rages in the heart ;
Onward and quietly they go,
Spurning the bounds of art.

VI.

And now the healthy breezes play
Around the pent-up one,
Brushing away those numerous webs
That anxious care hath spun.

VII.

Now, lay aside thy dignity,
If such that can be called,
That compasses with formal state,
By heartless pleasures palled.

VIII.

Come, push aside those clustering leaves
That look so fresh and fair—
Those roots have weather'd many a storm,
Beneath their Maker's care.

IX.

Nay—stoop thee lower—lower still—
Search—if thy hand would find—
Though cover'd o'er, the scent will guide
Like virtue—hid, refined.

X.

What hast thou grasp'd? They're "violets sweet,"
In "Modesty's" pure dress—
What more? They are the "violets blue"—
Emblems of "Faithfulness."

XI.

Of these, a fairy wreath we'll make,
Fresh from their lowly bed;
Well might they deck a spirit pure,
That just from earth had fled.

XII.

But hark! what murmuring sounds are those
That fill the scented air?
'Tis childhood's tread—'tis childhood's laugh,
Free from corroding care.

XIII.

That tread, how light! that laugh, how clear!
That tell us youth is nigh—
Their sorrows die with closing day—
Soon hushed their half-breathed sigh.

XIV.

Too soon that tread—that laugh will change—
Too soon their flowers will fade—
For life is oft a thorny road—
The sunshine lost in shade.

XV.

Sing on—laugh on, ye blithe young hearts,
(You've one year less to play);
Haste—gather all life's treasur'd sweets—
Be happy while you may.

XVI.

But, oh! remember those bright hours
When ye did violets cull,
A halo round your hearts 'twill throw—
An empty cup make full.

XVII.

The breeze that's wafted o'er the fields
Of youth, and early days,
A fresh'ning influence can give—
Re-gild life's fading rays.

XVIII.

The Hand that then was our defence
Will not forsake us now.;
If childlike, we will but confide—
To Heaven's decision bow.

XIX.

Ye, who are breathing life's fresh spring,
And nought but pleasure see,
Let "Modesty" and "Faithfulness"
Your garb—your safe-guard be.

XX.

Ye, o'er whom autumn winds do sigh,
Or wintry age hath come,
Still trust in Him, your childhood's guide,
Till He shall take you home.

XXI.

"There everlasting spring abides"—
There grow unfading flowers—
There we "shall see His face," and praise
With all our ransomed powers.

XXII.

No changing seasons—no decay—
No sorrow—death—are there ;
'Tis happiness, without alloy—
One spring-time, bright and fair.

The Wallflower.

I.

SURELY earth's flowers fit emblems are
Of what is good in man ;
Loudly they speak their Maker's praise,
Complete his glorious plan.

II.

Spring's early flowers, they tell of hope,
That brighter days are come ;
They cheer, revive, and raise the heart,
And drive away our gloom.

III.

And some there are whose fragrant powers
Fill all the soul with love ;
Steal o'er the senses, and then waft
Our thoughts to things above.

IV.

But thou, sweet, modest, humble one,
(My childhood's early friend),
I'm not ashamed to own thee now,
Though near my journey's end.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

V.

Though now discarded from a place
In Flora's choicest train,
How poor their perfume matched with thine!
To me their beauty's vain.

VI.

What dost thou teach, neglected one?
Emblem of faith thou art;
Thou blooming, clingest to the rock,
Thy firm roots never part.

VII.

Round thee the storms and tempests rage,
Thou feel'st the bitter blast;
Thy roots more deeply, firmly strike—
Farther thy perfumes cast.

VIII.

My childhood's flower! I love thee still,
Unchanged thy nature, name;
Now, o'er the heart thy influence steals,
Sweeter than dew-drops fame.

IX.

Would that like thee, I too, could cling,
Firm fixed upon the rock;
Earth's cutting blasts I should not fear,
Nor sink beneath their shock.

X.

Thou "Rock of Ages," let me cling
By faith's firm grasp to thee!
Whilst blades of grass, and every flower
Some lessons teach to me.

XI.

If God for these doth kindly care,
And give their beauteous dress,
Much rather (if we ask) He'll give
The robe of righteousness.

XII.

And though we tread earth's barren rocks,
Ay, oft with bleeding feet,
Leaning on Him by living faith,
Love, hope, shall be complete.

XIII.

These, coupled with good works, shall yield
A fragrance, lasting, pure;
And when like flowers, on earth we fade,
A place in heaven secure.

Heath.

I.

WHAT life-giving breezes are flowing around,
Where thou, in thy beauty, art gemming the ground ;
Where dew-drops we brush from our footsteps beneath,
Where springing we hail thee, thou beautiful Heath !

II.

O, who but must envy the peasant his lot,
As freely he ranges the health-giving spot,
Where atmosphere pure as the ether is found,
His wants and his wishes by reason all bound.

III.

How happy those days when my feet pressed the sod,
When roving, I gazed on the works of my God ;
I knew not earth's cares, they were buried beneath—
This heart was then light as the beautiful Heath !

IV.

But now I have known the world's turmoil and care,
And thoughts that were glowing, are pent up like air ;
The spirit is cased like the sword in its sheath,
And hope, too, is crushed, like the beautiful Heath.

V.

But the Heath, though 'tis crushed, will spring back again,
Though often hard pressed by the footsteps of men ;
And the heart that's relying on God as its trust,
Will spring to its place—will yet rise from the dust.

VI.


Bloom on then—spring up then, thou beautiful Heath,
Though with thy sweet blossoms I ne'er twine a wreath :
I will look up, and trust in Him that's above,
My feet firmly fixed, though earth's joys may remove.

VII.

Though hidden, unknown, I may put forth some bloom,
Discharging life's duties, yea, e'en to the tomb ;
If God on me smile, rich my portion beneath—
Though crushed, *I* shall rise like the beautiful Heath !


Hyssop.

Hyssop, springing from the wall,
Made by Him who formed this ball,
Tossed its wonders into air,
Scattered blessings every where :



Oft in childhood's wondering time,
When ideal heights we climb,
Thee I've watched with feelings mixed,
Thinking how thy roots were fixed ;
Knew not wherefore thou wert sent,
What thy nature, thy intent.
None were nigh in that lone hour
To explain thy cleansing power ;
None to lead the mind to Him—
Faith lay dormant—all was dim.
Then I thought of that wise king,
Who of nature well could sing,
"From the Hyssop on the wall,
Unto Lebanon's cedars tall."
Ye, who young immortals guide,
Dare not stem thought's gushing tide ;
Let the bubbling fount have play—
Care may dry it in life's day.
Be it yours to guide it right—
Yours to feed—to fill it quite—
Poison not the streamlet pure—
Cleanse its course, and make it sure.
Never quench the hallowed fire
Nature's open books inspire ;
What God doeth is well done ;
Superficial training shun.
Are we wiser than our Lord ?
Mind we what His words record ?

Jesus taught from lilies fair—
From the sparrow in the air—
From the grass—the waving corn—
From the mustard—grape—and thorn.
Go, vain man, fulfil thy trust,
Raise the young mind from the dust;
Cover not that ransomed soul
With the mist from fiction stole,
But array the living gem,
Polish every crusted stem.
Mothers! up! awake! arouse!
And fulfil your solemn vows;
Train your child as it should go—
Heavenly seed unsparing sow.
Leave the dress—our curse—our pride—
Ruin lingers by its side;
Make them not like tulips gay—
Hot-bed flowers to live the day:
Be it yours to curb the will,
Yours to passion say, “Be still;”
(If 'tis needful, use the rod);
Yours, to lead your child to God.
If we taught them by His word,
Paradise would be restored;
Whilst the flower thus lent on earth
Would be hallowed from its birth.
Go ye, learn why flowers do blow,
Teach your child their power to know;



Go, and teach this solemn prayer—
Search “the Book”—you’ll find it there.
“As with Hyssop purge me now,
Unto Thee my spirit bow ;
Wash me till I’m white as snow,
Holy joy I then shall know.”

Ferns.

I.

Come let us range, in fancy’s flight,
The giant forests proud,
And there survey the wondrous plants
That Sol’s fierce rays enshroud.

II.

Imagination’s wing outspread
To some far southern clime,
And see the Guava’s luscious load,
Or quaff the cooling lime.

III.

There let us in amazement view
The palm tree’s towering height,
From which food, shelter, are procured,
And pure oil, too, for light.

IV.

The Tamarind, with its noble mien,
 Its branches spreading wide;
 Whose healing fruits, for man is given,
 In bounteous stores supplied.

V.

Mimosa, with its shrinking leaves—
 The wild Pine, with its fruit—
 Bananas, and the clinging vine,
 There, undisturbed, take root.

VI.

And, beauteous Parasites are there,
 The adornment of the whole;
 All, all, are perfect—all are good,
 Each has its destined rôle.

VII.

These, and a thousand more, arrayed,
 Stand marshalled at His nod;
 These, these are proofs, unerring, sure,
 That speak their Maker—God.

VIII.

Ye mighty forests! how ye shame
 The pigmy works of art;
 No hand is seen to mould your forms,
 No tool to play its part.

FERNs.

IX.

And, there too, are colossal ferns,
Decked in their feathery spray ;
They are "sincerity's" true badge,
Whose paths ne'er lead astray.

X.

Methinks I see their spreading leaves
In nature's pride, arise ;
Vieing with perfect harmony,
In homage to the skies.

XI.

Not there, as in our own loved Isle,
(Gem of all other lands ;
Though cold her clime, warm hearts are there,
Fulfilling love's commands.)

XII.

Here—they are humble, lowly, found
Where the wild copse is near ;
But in that far-off southern clime
Gigantic they appear.

XIII.

Those matchless ferns, in brightest robes
Of living green, we see ;
And their broad open leaves are types
Of true sincerity.

XIV.

No room for venom'd reptile there,
To lurk or cling, unseen;
But rays of softened sunlight stream,
Or play like golden sheen.

XV.

And so it is with hearts sincere—
They're open as the day;
Brightly they gleam on earth's dark soil—
Like landmarks point the way.

XVI.

A heart sincere! it truly leads
To its own blessed source;
And all may surely follow on
Nor steer the devious course.

XVII.

Unrivalled Architect! what power,
What skill shine through the whole;
Variety, in beauteous dress,
Is seen from Pole to Pole.

XVIII.

Christians in every place bow down,
In prostrate homage fall,
In true "sincerity" adore,
And trace a God in all.

The Hare-Bell.

I.

O, WHAT is that bending so pensive and sad,
Alone on the banks rocky ledge;
Its thickly hung bells by the air scarcely fanned,
Close sheltered beneath the thorn hedge?

II.

What doeth it there in its delicate dress,
Half hid from the sun's scorching ray?
Why lonely and pensive, its beauty conceal?
Why sport not amid the broad day?

III.

What is it? The Hare-bell, submissive and sweet,
Low bowing its beautiful head;
Not flaunting and pushing its head through the crowd,
But yielding, by nature's laws led.

IV.

What doeth it there? 'Tis performing its part,
Its act in the day-dream of life:
O Man! go thy way; for, from all thou may'st learn,
God's works with instruction are rife.

The Hazel.

I.

NATURE! who thy depths can fathom?
Nature! who thy heights can climb?
Or, whoe'er can find thy endings,
Bursting forth in works sublime?

II.


Grassy pastures—hedge-row beauties,
Fruits and flowers around we see;
Climbing, creeping, ripening, hanging—
Where's the mind can compass thee?

III.

Each is lovely—no deforming,
From great nature's perfect hand;
Graceful, beauteous is her grouping;
None her powers can e'er command.

IV.

Go, and view the hedges glowing,
Charming with their varied hues;
See the wild flowers gay vagaries—
Cold the heart unmoved that views.



V.

But, not flowers alone delight us,
Though unrivalled these may be ;
Wild fruits, too, are oft depending,
And the clustering nuts we see.

VI.

Pleasure pure when these we gather—
Happiness kind nature gives
Unto all who rightly follow
In her path—there true joy lives.

VII.

Happy hours of quiet gladness,
When I gathered many a store
From the Hazel's laden branches,
Nature's lessons conning o'er :

VIII.

Envying not the city's pleasures—
Thankful to escape its din—
Calm and tranquil, something learning,
Feeling then sweet peace within.

IX.

Often loitering in my straying
To admire the beauties round ;
Then from earth, to think of heaven,
Where unfading joy is found

X.

Often startled by the laughter,
As it echoed down the lane,
When the prize, sometimes escaping,
Baffled e'en the crook to gain.

XI.

Now the matron (nought disdaining,
To increase her household good)
Quickly dons her strange equipment,
Plunging in the thickest wood.

XII.

Nought is useless—each gift turning
To our pleasure or our use;
Have we trials? Have we sorrows?
Saving faith their band will loose.

XIII.

Surely "Reconciliation"
To our lot we all may find;
Sorrow droops—and trials wither—
Blessings thick with all are twined.

XIV.

All for man are brightly glowing,
Pleasing to the eye or taste;
Let us then with hearts adoring,
Take the gifts, and nothing waste.

The Buttercup.

I.

"I wish I was rich!" is the cry of the world,
Of the heart that is struggling with life:
This wish but fulfilled, and this object attained,
And possession would end all the strife.

II.

"Haste not to be rich," are the words of the wise,
Of "The Book" that was ne'er known to fail;
For riches oft canker—they eat like the moth
In that heart over which they prevail.

III.

Just so when we gathered the Buttercups gay,
With their bright flowers all glowing like gold,
Our tiny hands full till they fell from our grasp,
And tears flowed that no more we could hold.

IV.

O, is not the child, then, a picture of Man,
Who would grasp the whole world if he could?
And then at the last the immortal soul lost!—
Better far were temptation withstood.

V.

Then bright glow the fields with our childhood's lov'd
They may teach some good lessons to us ; [flowers,
If prosperous our efforts and riches increase,
May the heart be ne'er warped by them thus.

Forget-me-not.

I.


WELL may we wonder when we view
God's wisdom and His power,
That's seen in all Creation through,
And in the simplest flower.

II.

'Twas for our pleasure they were made—
For us they bloom and grow ;
Some healing, soothing powers possess—
Some fragrantly do blow.

III.

"Forget-me not !" Remembrance sweet
Of loved, of absent ones ;
From thee what sunny memories flash,
Like rays from polished stones.



IV.

Thou mak'st us live the past again,
When we thy flow'rets spy,
And many an hour remembrance links
With this, when thou art nigh.

V.

The past! the present! small the space
That intervenes between,
When busy memory hovering round
Doth trace and fill the scene.

VI.

The past! how bright in youth's gay morn
When trusting love was there:
The present! dark the back ground shows,
Shaded by time and care.

VII.

Yet, there is hope, and peace, and joy—
Yea—happiness in store
For all, who turn from earth their gaze,
To fairer worlds who soar.

VIII.

Sweet modest flower! in thee we have
A proof we're not "forgot;"
He, who created and redeemed
Will keep, whate'er our lot.

IX.

May we, too, ne'er forget the Hand
That guides through life's short hour ;
Unknown and hidden, blooming still,
Like thee, small quiet flower !

The Wild Palm Tree.

I.

THOU risest in the wilderness
A beacon unto all ;
Thou'rt seen where zephyrs never play,
Where scorching sunbeams fall.

II.

Thou growest in the wilderness,
Yielding both food and shade :
The weary traveller blesses thee,
And feels his strength re-made.

III.

Thou bloomest in the wilderness
'Midst rock and arid sand,
And strangely beautiful, thy flowers
Burst forth a living band.

IV.

The oasis of the wilderness
Thou cheerest with thy green ;
Thy hand-like leaves are spreading high,
Thy stem with foliage seen.

V.

The light-house of the wilderness,
Thou shin'st the guiding star,
Whilst near thy site the waters gush—
The sparkling well 's not far.

VI.

Food, shelter, water, all are nigh,
If thy tall head is seen ;
The fainting pilgrim's soul revives,
Forgetting what hath been.

VII.

O, ye, who through the wilderness
Of life are journeying on,
Say not that 'tis one barren waste—
Say not that hope is gone :

VIII.

For mercies like the Palm trees rise,
Gladd'ning your weary sight ;—
God's promises the well-springs are,
Refreshing, pure, and bright.

IX.

Look upward in your journeyings,
And like the Palm trees rise ;
Look forward to your endless rest,
A rest above the skies.

X.

Beyond life's howling wilderness
Eternal verdure blooms,
And dwelling by the heavenly streams,
No threatening cloud e'er looms.


XI.

Safe there, retracing all the past,
We shall our mercies view,
And praise in anthems ne'er to end,
The power that brought us through.

The Lily of the Valley.

I.

HA! art thou showing thy green spiral leaves ?
Emblem of "joy renewed," welcome again !
Flower of the valley, all hail to thee now,
Child of the wood and the wild forest glen !



II.

What! is the bitter blast passing away?
What! are the changeful skies smiling on thee?
Ice-bound no longer, thou'rt forcing thy way,
Gently unfolding thy beauties to me.

III.

When is the dark Night not followed by Day?
When is the Winter not followed by Spring?
When was the stormy wind lulled not to rest?
When did the Summer shower freshness not bring?

IV.

Thus, are thy hidden roots spreading afar,
Striking the deeper, the fiercer the blast;
Cherish'd, and cover'd, and strengthen'd they lie,
Living this moment, forgetting the past.

V.

Now, are thy tiny bells fanned by the air—
Now, thy sweet perfume we welcome again—
Flower of the valley all hail to thee now,
Child of the wood and the wild forest glen!

VI.

Would that like thee we might brave every storm,
Firmly believing what is—is the best;
Living by faith whilst our "joy is renewed,"
Hope in our Saviour to enter His rest.

VII.

Happiness rooted where tempests ne'er come—
Happiness marred not by anguish and strife :
Renewed and bestowed on all that believe—
Happiness lasting, and blooming with life.

Gorse.

I.

GOLDEN Furze ! golden Furze !
Bright'ning many a dreary moor,
Wherefore do ye bloom and grow
Near the dwellings of the poor ?

II.

Prickly Furze ! prickly Furze !
Tell me, wherefore are ye sent ?
Fain would I the reason know,
Unto man, why ye are lent.

III.

Spreading Furze ! spreading Furze !
Well fulfilling Nature's plan ;
Ever onward is her cry—
Follow her, whoever can.

IV.

Glowing Furze! glowing Furze!
Telling me of happy days,
When alone I wandered on,
Treading in and out your maze.

V.

Now, no more—now, no more
Do I pull your flowers so bright,
But I feel care's sharper thorns,
Lost in sorrow's darkest night.

VI.

But, I hope—yes, I hope
That these labyrinths will end—
Every poignant thorn be cut
By my Saviour, Guide, and Friend.

VII.

Then, farewell—then, farewell
To earth's sorrows and its woes,
Claim a brighter land as mine—
Everlasting, calm repose.

The Bulrush.

I.

Low, by the brink of the marsh or the pool,
Where the river is making its bed,
Far from the haunts of the thoughtless and gay,
There the Bulrush is bowing its head.

II.

Why is it there? asks the proud-hearted man,
He, whose knee is ne'er bent to his God;
What is its purpose, its use, its intent,
With its head on that low-bending rod?

III.

Ha! would'st thou know?—let thy proud heart reflect;
Bring thy chair to thy fond mother's knee;
Busy her fingers, and yet she makes time
To impart sweet instruction to thee.

IV.

Come, art thou there? then push back thy bright curls—
Let thine eye meet her own in return—
See, she stoops—there's a kiss—love's hallowed pledge,
How it glows!—dost thou feel its power burn?

V.

The tale is begun—she's off to the Nile,
To that river of Egypt's fair land—
Well, didst thou list—it was Truth that inspired—
Where's the heart can its magic withstand ?

VI.

Her voice—(let memory now echo its tones)
It is telling that story so sweet
Of princess—of mother—of sister, so kind,
And the fair child that lay at their feet.

VII.

She tells—His mother, the cradle had made,
Entwined with the bulrushes tall ;
Love—how ingenious ! like honey-comb cells,
What rich stores from its hid treasures fall !

VIII.

Right well was it formed—'twas done by her hand—
It was opened—and, lo ! “ the babe wept ;
And she had compassion ”—Egypt's proud child,
In whose heart kindly feelings had slept.

IX.

Man ! think of those days that for ever are past,
Nor ask why the Bulrush was made :
Follow that life from that hour to its end—
Yes, that life that was saved by its aid.

X.

How short is the story! few are the words—
Dost thou feel them? then well is it so :
Search for the Bulrush—'tis still to be found,
If thy heart worldly cares will forego.

XI.

Those days are long past—that tale is still new—
Ay—and will be till time shall have fled ;
Walk by the brink of the river or pool,
There the Bulrush still bows its dark head.

Wild Poppies.

I.

WHEREFORE, wherefore are ye bending
Your bright heads in tribute low ?
Wherefore, are your gay hues blending,
With the corn's deep golden glow ?

II.

Why are ye the fields adorning,
Adding to the glorious scene ?
Dew-drops clear in early morning,
Spangling you with silvery sheen.

III.

Are ye gems of purest water
Fitted for your golden shrine?
Or, are ye but baser metal,
Mixed with sterling from the mine?

IV.

Are your powers narcotic given,
Tender blades to soothe to sleep?
Is this why their ranks are riven,
Where you try your heads to peep?

V.

Vain are all your arts of soothing,
In their strength they cast you off;
Bold, rejecting all your wooing,
Now they at your efforts scoff.

VI.

Are ye then but useless splendour?
Soon the sickle cuts you down;
And enquiring minds may wonder
Why ye seek such short renown?

VII.

List! O, list! the corn is growing,
Heard ye not its murmuring voice?
Heaven, its ripening powers bestowing—
Rich and poor—be glad, rejoice.

VIII.

O, my spirit learn a lesson,
From the corn flowers as they shine ;
Let thy zeal be joined with caution,
Temper all with love divine.

IX.

To do good, thy one endeavour—
Heed not what the scorners say ;
Go, and seek young hearts that linger
In false pleasure's tempting way.

X.

Lead them to a fairer pasture,
Where no hurtful flowers do spring ;
Bid them with their ransomed nature,
Unto God their tribute bring.

XI.

And in that last day of reckoning,
(Day for which all else were made,)
God shall smile, while angels beckoning,
Lead where nought can ever fade.

Meadow-Grass.

I.

How lovely thou art in sweet Spring's fresh array,
When winds from the west are soft sighing their way ;
How light do our feet press the turf as we pass,
What carpet can equal the young Meadow Grass ?

II.

And then when thou 'rt ripened and fit for the scythe,
And gay hearts are there, O, so jocund and blithe,
When careless and thoughtless their feet o'er thee pass,
They think not how soon they may be as the grass.

III.

Yet, why need we mourn ? for the grass grows again,
With food for the cattle—with pleasure for men ;
And though we can't tell how it springeth to life,
The fact is sufficient, and endeth all strife.

IV.

But stop, passer by, there's a lesson to learn,
For lo ! in the grass thy own lot thou'lt discern ;
Like grass thou art springing, like grass thou must bow.
Short-lived is the longest—thou 'rt dying e'en now.

V.

The sharp scythe of death no distinction e'er makes,
'Tis often the blooming, the loved, that he takes;
He comes not, he spares not, all fall 'neath his power,
His greatest rejoicing to shorten life's hour.

VI.

But, Oh! what a mercy, his power does not last,
For lo! round the mouth of the grave there is cast
A halo of glory no shadow can dim,
The fruit of Christ's passion, emerging from Him.

VII.

Spring on then, grow up then, thou bright Meadow Grass,
Whilst o'er thee the west winds do soothingly pass:
These bodies may perish like grass of the field,
Like grass, too, re-spring, for God's power is our shield.

The Cowslip.

CHILD of early, budding Spring,
Pensive, graceful, fragrant thing,
Blooming free on daisied sod,
Springing up from many a clod.

Thee, do merry children hail,
Searching for thee, never fail;
Seek thee in the meadows fair,
Fanned by zephyrs light as air;
Or, beneath the hedges stray,
Seizing thee as lawful prey.
Then they twist thee, buds and all,
Form thee in a rounded ball;
Up the "tisty-tosty's"* go,
Falling light as wreaths of snow,
And the merry laugh goes round,
As they watch thee quiet bound.
Ay, lauhg on—life's morn is short,
And its noon will mar your sport,
Quickly, too, eve's shades will come,
(Cowslips spring not in the gloom;)
Gather flowers, then, while you may,
Happy in the meadows play;
Read in Nature's open book,
Lessons learn in every nook—
Lessons you will ne'er forget,
In the memory deeply set:
They will tell in after days,
Draw from sins polluted ways;
Give to earth a purer air,
Draw the heart from many a snare,

* Balls made of Cowslips, by children in the West of England.

And if here your hopes are dim,
Lead the soul to trust in Him.
Go, then, gather earth's sweet flowers,
Give to God your ransomed powers.
Parents! children! haste—arise—
God's free gifts no more despise.

The Hawthorn.

I.

Thou art come, thou art come, with thy blossoms so white,
And thy perfume that's filling the air ;
Thou art come, thou art come, in thy mantle of green,
From each heart thou art driving dull care.

II.

Thou art come, thou art come, thou sweet emblem of hope,
Thou art showering thy favours around ;
Who, who does not welcome? for where-ever thou art,
There's a sunshine of joy to be found.

III.

Thou art telling us plainly that Winter is past,
And our hopes thou'rt reviving again ;
That Summer, bright Summer, will follow thee soon,
For thou never appearest in vain.

IV.

Do we sometimes soar high till our pinions are strained,
When the regions of fancy we dare ?
If our hopes are all scattered like thy falling bloom,
Better that than exist in despair.

V.

But, O, who need despair when he sees thee again ?
Let us strengthen our wings and take flight ;
Let us pierce the dark veil of earth's shadowy gloom,
To that land where true hope becomes sight.

VI.

To that land where our faith well rewarded shall be,
If we've hoped e'en against hope below ;
That land where no demon shall mar our repose,
But where peace shall eternally flow.

VII.

Let the infidel scoff, let the careless pass on—
Let the blind in the noon-day sun grope ;
The Christian believes in the power that revives,
And in God and his Saviour can hope.

VIII.

Yes, in Him who doth quicken the seed in the earth,
In the power that is seen in the Spring ;
Sees the Hand that doth cover the Hawthorn with bloom,
From its trance all Creation doth bring.

IX.

Thou poor infidel, pause—there's no Springtime for thee,
Thy dark future hath nothing but gloom,
For the flowers of hope, heavenly fruit shall then bear,
When the great resurrection is come.

X.

But, O, ere 'tis too late, look around thee, and watch
How Creation doth start into life;
Only view this earth's changes—its wonders—and then
Surely all with conviction is rife.

XI.

Then follow the light, for to all it is given,
If we look but around us, and see
The proofs of the God-head that plainly shine forth,
In the grain—in each flower—in each tree.

XII.

Then right gladly we welcome thy blossoms again,
Bringing joy and fresh hopes to the heart;
May we ever acknowledge the Hand that sustains,
And with nature renewed claim our part.

The Ivy.

I.

CLINGING, spreading, climbing thing,
What a beauty thou dost fling
O'er the gray, the ruin'd tower,
Spoiled by time's destroying power ;
As we gaze we plainly see
Thy true type, " fidelity."

II.

Not on splendid sculptur'd walls—
Not in palaces, where falls
The bright light of noon-tide day,
Dazzling with its golden ray ;
Not on these dost thou appear,
Ever-green, the eye to cheer.

III.

No, not them dost thou delight,
To afford thy spreading might—
Not in the gay flaunting town
(Where the crowds are thronging down
Every alley, road, or street)
Dost thou fix thy lone retreat.

IV.

Sometimes in the forest wide
Thou dost woo its king, its pride,
Twisting round the lordly oak
Thy bright green, thy fibrous yoke ;
As if laughing at his strength
Thou dost climb his giant length.

V.

Sometimes in a merry mood
Thou dost ramble from the wood,
Throwing round the Eglantine
That full flowing robe of thine,
Sporting then in sylvan glee—
Shadowing forth "fidelity."

VI.

Still, thou lovest best the tower
That hath felt Time's blighting power ;
Lov'st to hide the ruin gray
When its glory's past away :
Freshness, beauty, thou dost give,
Ivy-clad, again they live.

VII.

Where, oh, where a friend like thee,
When the coming storm we see ?

THE IVY.

Who, when every prop is gone,
Still supporting, helps us on ?
Clings the more when dark days come,
Hides the ruin—cheers the gloom.

VIII.

Live, thou beautiful evergreen,
Charm of many a fading scene—
Live, to tell that earth still bears
Hearts that feel for others cares ;
Tell, that friendship still takes root,
Bears even here its heavenly fruit.

IX.

Would that I one friend may claim—
Friend indeed, and not in name,
One that will my failings hide—
Love—whatever ills betide ;
Still supporting—yes, like thee,
Faithful in adversity.

To a Cheddar Pink.

I.

THOU lone blooming flow'ret, an emblem of those
Who traverse the world's dreary waste ;
Who roam through life's wilderness, little, unknown,
And friendship's pure joys seldom taste.

II.

And yet even there a strong feeling may live,
A feeling firm rooted in man,
That he o'er some heart a sweet influence might shed,
And quietly cheer when he can.

III.

So friendship, pure friendship shall bloom in the wild,
Its odour be borne on the breeze ;
Its blossoms, how sweet to the wanderer from " home,"
Possessing a charm that doth please.

IV.

So thou little flow'ret dost spring from the cliff,
Diffusing thy fragrance around ;
" The spot in the wilderness," blooming and bright,
Where rocks, barren rocks are but found.

V.

Bloom on then sweet flow'ret and gladden the eyes
Of stranger and pilgrim below ;
E'en now, though afar, thy rich perfume I feel,
And see thy buds clustering grow.

VI.

Live on cheering friendship, still live on this earth
To gladden the heart with thy joys ;
Though rocks, barren rocks on each hand may arise,
Thy fragrance, O friendship, ne'er cloya.

VII.

Like Cheddar's dear flow'ret, take root in the cliff,
Defying the Winter's stern blast ;
And then when the night of affliction doth come,
Thy strength that dark night will out-last.

VIII.

Though earth's rocky soil be unfruitful for thee,
There are spots where thou'lt find a hold ;
There are hearts where thy roots will flourish and live,
A soil where thy bloom may unfold.

IX.

What lessons, thou flow'ret, from thee we may learn,
Whilst here through the desert we go ;
If rooted, we cling to the rock that's above,
No ills we shall dread here below.

X.

The storm may arise, and the bitter blast sweep,
If firm in a power that's above ;
We live not in vain, till His kind hand shall take,
And transplant to a fair clime of love.

XI.

There friendship, true friendship, immortal, shall bloom,
Its flowers shall not fade, but expand ;
Lasting spring 'bideth there—no change ever comes
Over heaven, that bright happy land.

Heart's-Ease.

I.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
That oft is passed unheeded by,
Its very name hath magic powers,
To calm our grief—to hush the sigh.

II.

That little flower, that simple flower,
How often in our path 'tis flung,
As if to lead where skies do lower,
Where peace is like a banner hung.

III.

That little flower, that quiet flower,
That blooms beneath the hedge's shade,
Bidding us seek, in sorrow's hour,
Joy, when all earthly hopes do fade.

IV.

That little flower, that beauteous flower,
It well might deck a fair bride's brow;
Or form a wreath for that sweet bower,
Where first was breathed love's solemn vow.

V.

Would that thy influence, little flower,
Were felt by all the sons of men,
No more would care their rest devour,
And hearts'-ease would not bloom in vain.

On Receiving from a Friend some beautiful
Feathery Grass,

FROM CORNWALL.

I.

THOU hast come from thy home in the West,
Where genial the health breezes play,
Where the myrtle its perfume doth send,
On evening's sweet breath as we stray.

II.

Yes, thy home was not far from the deep,
Where often the angry winds rise ;
Yes, thy home it was close to the shore,
Warm, glowing 'neath azure-clad skies.

III.

THOU hast come from the mild, balmy West,
Hast heard what the wild waves do say ;
Thou hast heard their sweet lullaby soothe,
When rippling they paused on their way.

IV.

O, how often has childhood's bright gaze
Been fixed on thy feathery spray !
O, how often have tiny hands grasped
Thy stems, as they loitered to play !

V.

Past and faded are all those blithe days,
For death hath divided the band,
And the eyes that were beaming with love,
Now look from a far happy land.

VI.

Widely scattered, and sometimes apart,
Are those whose first home was by thine;
Loving hearts have been bowed like the grass
By mandates, whose power is divine.

VII.

But those hearts can still feel the warm breath
That's wafted o'er scenes of their youth;
And the Hand that hath formed thy light sprays
Hath kept them, and led by His truth.

VIII.

Thou hast sprung up, thou beautiful grass,
(Thus making a part of the leaven;)
Thou art cut down, yet firm is His word,
More firm than the pillars of heaven.

IX.

It was friendship's warm hand sent thee forth,
(For friendship still lingers below;)
Its bright wings are not yet plumed for flight;
Untarnished, its hues warmly glow.

X.

Now the cry of the orphans is hushed,
For God is their Father and Friend ;
They've a home that will ever remain—
A Hand that will guide to the end.

The Periwinkle.

I.


How delightful to pause and reflect
On the sweet happy days that are gone,
For a moment to banish earth's cares,
Cheering hours that drag heavily on.

II.

O memory ! how great are thy charms,
When the past we can live o'er again,
When our thoughts unrestrained can go back,
And we fly from the presence of men.

III.

To escape from earth's trammels and gaze
On the home of our childhood once more,
Whilst e'en now we behold the kind looks,
And hear tones that oft welcomed before.



IV.

In our mind to some fav'rite spot hie,
Whose old treasures again meet our view,
And thou (memory's emblem) art there,
Sweetly clad in thy tunic of blue.

V.

Now the daisy-decked meadow we tread,
Now fresh flowers we twine in our hair ;
Once again, too, we climb the hill side,
And inhale the sweet fragrance that's there.

VI.


Now adown the green lanes we may roam,
Where the songs of free choristers greet
Our ears, when once overpower'd, entranc'd,
We oft longed with their strains to compete.

VII.

Then away to the glorious beach,
To behold the wild waves as they broke
On the rocks, or the sharp jutting head,
Where the power of their Maker they spoke.

VIII.

Dashing waves ! what an emblem of life,
In our youth ever onward we'd go ;
But when earth's rocky shores we have touched,
Gladly back like those wild waves we'd flow.



IX.

O ye scenes of our childhood's blest days,
Where's the heart but expands at the thought,
As it thinks of a mother's deep love,
And remembers the lessons she taught?

X.

When "the sound of the church-going bell"
Was borne o'er the meadows so sweet,
Then with hands clasped in those that we loved,
We have hastened, "loud songs" to repeat.

XI.

And when calm, hallowed twilight came on,
We have meekly knelt down at her side,
Then, we prayed to "our Father" above
That through life He our footsteps would guide.

XII.

O, what lessons of wisdom were given
From the stars, from the trees, from the flowers,
From the grass, born to flourish and fade,
From the soul, with its reasoning powers.

XIII.

Memory's pleasures! if such are thy charms,
O, how gladly we welcome them now,
For they bring a fresh breeze to the heart,
When to care and earth's sorrows we bow.

XIV.

Yes, and thou beauteous flow'ret we hail.
Fitting emblem of happiness past,
Who can gaze on thy soul-melting hue.
And not feel there are joys that still last?

XV.

If like thee to the rock we would cling.
And life's duties well, humbly, perform,
There's a power that can happiness give,—
A strong Hand that can shield from the storm.

XVI.

Ever bloom, then, thou beautiful flower,
And some lesson of usefulness give,
Whilst our hearts are retouched by the past,
And the "pleasures of memory" live.

To a Primrose.

On removing, the root was packed in a box with other plants, and lay forgotten till pronounced "worthless and dead." The writer pleaded for "a chance of life," and seven weeks after, one of its buds was sent to a young friend in Somerset.

I.

WHENCE comest thou, sweet flow'ret?
A thing unsought—unknown—
O, where hast thou been hiding
Thy lovely head alone?

II.

I thought thee crushed and broken
Beneath the rude hand's grasp;
I dreamed not of thee showing
One flower that I might clasp.

III.

How welcome then, pale flow'ret,
Are thy sweet buds to me!
Take now the feeble tribute
My muse gives back to thee.

IV.

I hail thee, then, thou lone one,
As none besides could do,
The harbinger of brighter days,
Perhaps of happier too.

V.

And now, sweet bud, I send thee
To one I love full well,
A messenger of hope and joy,
Of life's bright spring to tell.

VI.

O, may her future years be spent,
In giving joy to those
Who fondly watch her youth's fair spring,
Till life's short day shall close.

VII.

And when her wintry hours draw near,
Bright be her setting sun ;
May flowers immortal strew the way
That leads her to the tomb.

The Holly.

I.

WHAT hopes and what fears with thy name once were bound,
When time, with his changes, completed his round :
What happiness pure was infused in the mirth,
As joyous we raced o'er the frost-bitten earth.

II.


How quick were our footsteps! how light was our tread,
As bounding we welcomed thy berries so red !
How sweet were the voices that rang through the hall,
When thou with thy branches wast hung on the wall !

III.

How oft have I seen in the old church entwined,
Thy green with the laurel together combined ;
There pealed forth the Anthem that welcomed His birth,
Who, in Bethlehem born, redeemed our lost earth.

IV.

How many are sleeping beneath the green sod,
Whose voices then joined in the worship of God ;
Whilst we, by His fatherly goodness, are spared,
Our lives, (O how useless,) protected and cared.



V.

Now broken the circle—now empty the seat
Where loved ones reclined—whilst our place was their feet :
Those bright eyes are closed by the cold hand of death—
Those voices are hushed—they have yielded their breath.

VI.

O, none were forgotten by those loving hearts,
Who, blest with rich stores, well fulfilled their parts :
The poor and the needy, the fatherless too,
Each shared in the blessings that fell like the dew,


VII.

Then welcome, remembrancer thou of the past,
If leading the heart to pure joys that will last :
Re-formed be the circle in that world to come—
For ever united in heaven our home !

The Water Lily.

I.

BEAUTEous thing ! why make thy home
In a watery bed ?
Why not claim a place on earth
To rest thy spotless head ?



II.

Art thou not afraid to trust
 What may deceitful prove?
 Fear, lest treach'rous waters rise,
 Thy frame-work to remove?

III.

When the storm goes o'er thy head,
 Dost thou not sink, or droop?
 Art thou, then, not driven far?
 Immersed thy lovely cup?

IV.

"Earth—dry earth, is not my home,
 Soon should I wither there,
 And from the eye of glarish day
 My spreading roots I care.

V.

Quiet rest I in my bed—
 No doubting fears are mine;
 Ever calm and tranquil, I
 Put forth my flowers that shine.

VI.

When the furious storms arise
 I close my beauteous cup,
 Draw my green leaves all around,
 That firmly bear me up.



VII.

Nothing have I then to fear
From sunshine or from storm ;
Freely in my place I bloom—
Ambitious plans ne'er form."

VIII.

O that I, like thee, sweet flower,
Could raise my drooping head,
Firmly trust where're I be,
If by my God I'm led.

IX.

Rise, when swelling waters rise,
Safe sheltered by thy love—
Kept, when sunny are the clouds—
When bright is all above.

X.

O, may Faith's deep-hidden roots
Support, whate'er betide—
Calmly, then, through life we go,
Our God, our Trust, our Guide!

Blackberry Gathering.

I.

COME away, come away, to the fields and the glen—
Come, haste, for brown Autumn is here ;
Now the hazel is showing its clustering nuts,
And Blackberries thickly appear.

II.


Come away, merry maiden, no time for delay,
Come, hie thee, for short are the days ;
Haste, snatch up thy basket, and forget not the stick,
Whose crook will the full branches stay.

III.

O, now quick let us go, for we must not be long,
Our toilet will soon be arranged,
And the breeze will soon tangle our beautiful curls—
Restraint, then, for freedom be changed.

IV.

Happy days ! glorious days ! when, for Blackberries ripe,
We wandered, with basket in hand ;
Light, light was our tread, and our hearts lighter still,
As, hastening, we joined the gay band.



V.

O, what merriment blithe ! for we knew nought of care,
As venturing o'er brooks or a fence ;
With our four-footed friend for our champion and guard,
We needed no other defence.

VI.

" Ne'er gathered a Blackberry !" I pity thee, then—
Thou know'st not what true pleasure means ; . [sweet—
The " black grape " of the field is both wholesome and
Through Time's mist we look back on those scenes.

VII.

" Ne'er gathered a Blackberry !" Go, haste thee, and join
Yon group from whence gay laughter mounts ;
Thou wilt feel what the cold world of fashion can't give—
Joy—springing from unsullied founts.

VIII.

Then, hie thee, now, hie thee to the fields and the glen—
Haste, haste, for brown Autumn is here ;
The days are fast shortening, and Blackberries ripe
Won't linger for thee all the year !

Meadow Saffron,

THE MOTTO OF WHICH IS—"MY BEST DAYS ARE PAST."

I.

AND what, though they are "past," I will not complain,
Though labour is sorrow, and strength is but vain;
Though lengthening shadows around me are cast,
I'll trust for the future, and praise for the past.

II.

"My best days are gone"—there is bitter regret
For time that is wasted, nor do I forget
The one talent buried, or carelessly laid
To die through neglect, or to wither and fade.

III.

"My best days are past"—then there's no time to lose,
But up and be doing, nor longer abuse
The time, or the talent entrusted to me,
That so from perversion the future may be.

IV.

Thou late blooming flower, from thee I have learnt
(Though Summer has faded) in kindness thou'rt sent
To cheer, to encourage, to brighten those days,
Ere Sol in declining is shorn of his rays.

V.

How gay are the fields where thou makest thy bed !
For man in his anguish thou liftest thy head
To assuage and to comfort, to soothe, and to cheer,
To give back the blessing of health that is dear.

VI.

I will not complain that " my best days are past,"
For it is not too late—the die is not cast ;
Though life with its Spring-time and Summer be gone, [on.
There are flowers that may bloom when the Winter comes

VII.

It is never too late to do what we can ;
Though all may condemn, there's One greater than man,
Who trieth the reins, and who searcheth the heart,
Who sees every motive, here known but in part.

VIII.

Then may I, like the flowers, my duty perform,
Regardless of blame, or the world's cutting scorn,
And trusting in Him who can shield from each blast,
No longer complain, though " My best days are past."

The Nettle.

I.

"O MOTHER, I have found a prize—
Do look—what can it be?"
And quickly at her darling's call
The mother went to see.

II.


"O look, mama," the wild boy cried,
"How beautiful! how fair!
A bed of leaves, and clustering buds
Of snowy bells are there.

III.

"See, see, they're underneath the hedge,
Where Roses, Woodbine grow,
The pretty Hare-bell, too, is there,
Its sweet head bending low.

IV.

"Come, haste mama, before I pull,
For you shall wear this flower
In your dark hair, the leaves we'll take
To adorn my pretty bower."



V.

"Stop, stop, my boy," the mother cried—
Alas! she spoke too late,
A fearful scream too plainly told,
What was poor Harry's fate.

VI.

Again he screamed—his mother's hand
Those dreadful leaves did grasp,
She held them firm, and never once
Released them from her clasp.

VII.

Amazement more—she rubbed the part
With juice from them that oozed;
She kissed away her child's sad tears,
With loving words she soothed.

VIII.

"My dearest child, let this one deed
By you be ne'er forgot, *
And learn from it a lesson wise,
What, or where'er your lot.

IX.

"Whenever difficulties rise,
At once you meet the foe:
Grasp—grapple with a vigorous hand,
And lay the tyrant low.

X.

"Have moral courage, too, my boy,
Nor heed the world's dread sting,
Learn to say "No," when fools entice,
O pray, and conquer sin.

XI.

"Remember Harry, there is balm
For every wound we feel,
But seek it where it may be found,
'Tis God our souls can heal.

XIII.

"Strive till you overcome each foe
Here—you must ne'er relent,
Yet, never grasp at over-much,
But try and be content.

XIII.

"Had you but pulled those pretty flowers,
You ne'er had felt the pain,
But, wanting to possess the whole,
You found the effort vain.

XIV.

"Obedience, too, you here may learn,
I called—you still went on—
Had you but hearkened to my voice
This harm had not been done.



XV.

"I heeded not the stinging points,
My hand but gently glowed ;
And yet, to you, those very leaves
With healing have o'erflowed.

XVI.

"O wondrous power, that thus hath given
The sting, and its blest cure ;
God often wounds, but 'tis to show
His mercies still endure.

XVII.

"Out of our providential path
We often go astray ;
God gently calls—we heed Him not,
Though wrong, pursue our way.

XVIII.

"In mercy, then, He makes us feel
The piercing thorn or sting ;
But lo ! the hand that pointed them
Descends with healing wing.

XIX.

"To God, my Harry, ever look,
Take Him to be your guide,
Balm for your every wound He'll give,
Whatever ills betide.

XX.

"If through the desert He shall lead,
Some green spots there He'll give,
And gushing fountains, too, shall flow,
If close to Him you live.

XXI.

"We may not question, but adore,
For nought is made in vain ;
We must not cavil, but submit,
Then will our path be plain."


The Foxglove.

I.

WHAT magic is round thee, thou beautiful flower,
When in looking on thee we behold
Thy gay spotted bells like a pyramid rise,
And whose loveliness cannot be told.

II.

Thou play-thing 'of childhood ! how happy the time
When I tried thy frail blossoms to snap ;
When the pulse quicker beat, the blood mantling high,
As I heard the right welcome " Frip-Frap ! "



III

O, cold is the heart that can see and not feel,
As thou claimest thy place in the hedge;
And shame on the mem'ry that never looks back
When he stood far from pride's rocky ledge.

IV.

I envy him not—he is earth-bound and low,
And I want not his wealth or his rank,
If unmoved he can view thy white spotted bells,
That still hanging adorn the green bank.

V.

Thou beautiful flower! not for show dost thou bloom—
Thou canst soothe in the hours of our pain:
In thee I can trace thy great Maker and mine,
He, who nought hath created in vain.

The Mistletoe.

I.

WHAT a tumult of thoughts will arise
When we think of first pleasures e'en now,
Whilst rememb'ring the seasons gone by
When we gathered the Mistletoe bough!

II.

O, how strangely thou choosest thy home,
For thou claimest no morsel of earth ;
On the branch of the Apple or Oak,
There thou fixest the place of thy birth.

III.

Let thought, busy thought, now go back
To the scenes and the days that are fled,
When in Britain's loved isle thou wert made
The dark object of faith that was dead.

IV.


To the rock and the stone they bowed down,
For they knew not the power that could bless :
The Creator, and Him that redeemed
Were unknown—and the fountain of peace.

V.

But our God in His mercy beheld,
And hath scatter'd the seed far and wide :
Through the length and the breadth of our land
Unto all the true light hath supplied.

VI.

He hath given the beasts for our food,
The earth teemeth with plenty for man ;
He hath added the fruits and the flowers—
Nought forgotten in wisdom's great plan.



VII.

And thou with thy berries so strange,
We will cull when the season comes round.
And we'll place thee above the full board
When the songs of thanksgiving resound.

VIII.

For true Christians may well "keep the feast ;"
In Hosannas their voices should raise
Unto Him who thus loads them with gifts—
Every word, every action be praise.

IX.

And we'll welcome thee, too, in thy turn,
For thou bringest sweet thoughts even now
And the Ever-green bright we will twine
With a branch of the Mistletoe bough !

The Rose.

I.

FRAGILE beauty ! wildly blooming
In our bright, our sunny lanes ;
Topaz pink—transparent opal,
Soon thy dew-dropped freshness wanes.

II.

Emblem of our own lov'd country,
Fitting for a queenly brow ;
Englands daughters fair shall wreath ye—
Hearts of oak in homage bow.

III.

Britain! thou our favor'd island,
Favor'd above many more ;
Free thy soil, where merry children
Gaily cull the hedge-rows store.

IV.

Roses sweet! in by-gone ages
Signals then for civil war ;
"Red and White" in hosts opposing,
Scattered devastation far.

V.

Live we in a happier era—
Anarchy is banished now,
And the Roses, sweetly blended,
Stainless deck Victoria's brow.

VI.

"Union" is our holy safeguard—
Sever'd is the galling yoke—
Albion! Erin! Scotia!—Britain,
Three-fold cord not easy broke!

The Shamrock.

I.

O ERIN! how bright is the green of thy sod!
Like emeralds sparkling its beauty we see;
Emerging from ocean we see thee arise,
Thy place 'mong the nations we now claim for thee.

II.


Thy daughters—how fair! how light-hearted thy sons,
Lips glowing with fire—and their genius, how bright!
In glory's full blaze they oft revel and shine,
Whilst strains from their harpings subdue by their might.

III.

Though humbly thy emblem doth spring 'neath our feet,
The great Three-in-One we distinctly may trace:
Thou yet shalt arise like the Phoenix of old,
And bright from thy ashes the past may efface.

IV.

Rejoice then, O Erin! arise in thy strength,
Sweet flower of our earth, and "first gem of the sea!"
Fair sister of England! our hopes are but one—
Our Rose, with thy Shamrock, now blended, agree.



The Thistle.

I.

IN the bleak regions of the North
Thy downy head we see ;
Where tow'ring, snow-capped mountains rise,
Where blooms the Heather free.

II.


Though cold the clime, and rude the skies,
Yet loving hearts dwell there ;
And nature in gigantic forms
Our wonder, homage share.

III.

Yes, hearts are there that warmly glow
With love of country—God ;
And genius in her brightest dress
Oft springs from Scotia's sod.

IV.

Brave are her sons—their hearts are true,
Like blades of temper'd steel ;
Her daughters—pure and fair they shine,
“ Wha kens them, knows this weel.”



V.

In peace we climb the mountain pass,
We fear not wars alarms;
Safely the "Border-land" we tread,
And greet thy glorious charms.

VI.

"Peace"—"Peace"—is written on the stones—
We join in "Auld Lang Syne,"
And with our bonny English Rose,
The Thistle light we twine.

Blooming Rose, and lowly Shamrock—
Thistle, rising fair and tall—
Albion!—Erin!—Caledonia!—
Crown Victoria Queen of all!

Palm Sunday.

"Nor are our powers to perish immature;
But, after feeble effort here, beneath
A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,
Transplanted from this sublunary bed,
Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their bloom."—*ROMANS*.

I.

How varied are the forms of woe
In this, the vale of tears,
From youth to age, each, all have felt
Both grief and anxious fears.

II.

But "earth to earth, and dust to dust"
Conclude the days of man;
Like tapers wasting, soon as lit,
So life is death began.

III.

Relentless death! thy well-aimed darts
Unerring fall around;
Not rank or youth exempt; to thee
There's no forbidden ground.

IV.

What useful lessons, too, are taught
By thee, thou silent grave ;
And sculptured marbles have their tale,
Our passing tribute crave.

V.

How oft with thrilling power they tell
That, " Here the loved one lies,"
Snatched from fond hearts in early prime,
Reluctant sacrifice.

VI.

Here lie the old—the rich—the poor—
The parent—child—and wife—
The husband, severed from the heart,
With his entwined through life.

VII.

And friends—O, they have felt the knife
That death's sure hand did wield,
That stroke—(no doubt in mercy sent)
From undue love may shield.

VIII.

But no panegyric can vie
With that, this day affords,
When to their memory, riven hearts
Give more than graven words.

IX.

The bursting beauties of the Spring
Are spread in rich array ;
Exotics rare, and flow'rets wild,
Their varied tints display.

X.

Sweet emblems of the loved—the gone—
How forcibly they speak !
To us, their passing beauties say,
“ A heavenly country seek.”

XI.

That better country, where no change,
No winter—death, shall come,
If only faith in Him we have,
Who triumphed o'er the tomb.

XII.

Their fading beauties loud proclaim
That all must surely die ;
The grass shall wither, and the flower
Cut down, in dust shall lie.

XIII.

But not like flowers that bloom to die—
We die, to bloom again :
Yes, bloom in yonder world above,
Where endless Spring doth reign.

XIV.

Go then, ye happy mourners go,
And deck those graves with flowers,
In sweet remembrance of the dead—
Of treasured, by-gone hours.

XV.

For me, I ask no storied urn,
Nor marble bust I claim :
My tablet, be it in fond hearts,
With " wild flowers " trace my name.

Wild Flowers.

I.

How often do ye bloom neglected here,
Your charms unnoticed, and your praise unsung ;
Though loudly ye proclaim your Maker's care,
Oft ye are crushed, or, from the full hand flung.

II.

Feebly I've tried to bring you to the light—
Feebly I've struck my lyre's low, trembling chords ;
The heart was willing, for its fount was stirred,
Your incense floating, breathes—" We are the Lord's."

III.

And now I've culled you, whither shall ye go ?
Backward I'm carried to the days of youth—
Remember'd pleasures cheer this wearied heart,
For still ye teach pure joys and holy truth.

IV.

I send you, now, across the mighty deep
To fairer climes, where Nature proudly reigns—
Where many a gorgeous flower uprears its head,
And pleasure luring, happiness oft feigns.

V.

Though faded, go : still bearing on your breath
Prayers, pure and fervent as in days gone by ;
Go, tell the absent he's remembered still,
And will be—till this heart shall cease to sigh.

VI.

Go, breathe again your incense fresh and sweet—
Go, bid his memory now backward roam
To childhood's time, when he the Daisy pulled :
Flower of his country ! Emblem of his home !

VII.

Go, let his thoughts unite and bind you fast—
Go, teach him *trust*, whatever ills betide ;
Far he can't stray, if fixed on you his eye,
“ Wild Flowers ” his way-mark, and their God his guide.

GARDEN FLOWERS.

VIII.

Go, then, your way, and well your task perform—
Go, stand arrayed, a chosen, favor'd band :
Doe draw the tie that hath through life been ours—
" Stray cuttings " gathered by true friendship's hand.

Garden Flowers.

I.

O, how shall I venture in precincts so fair?
Or, how from the garden cull blossoms so rare?
O, how shall I venture your praises to sing?
Or, how from my lyre draw one note from its string?

II.

How varied your texture, your leaves, and your hues !
To sing of your beauty, what tongue could refuse?
How different the perfume that floats on your breath,
Regaling the senses—ye gems of our earth !

III.

Now, now from the choicest a few I will pull
In bright early morn, when your cups are all full ;
And when the sun shines in high glorious noon,
Will take of the brightest that wither so soon :

IV.

And then in the evening when heavy dews rise,
And offerings ye're giving—yea, e'en to the skies—
Then, too, I will gather, though dripping ye be,
For each in its changing is welcome to me.

V.

But what shall I do with your blossoms when pulled ?
Or, how shall I range you when carefully culled ?
My taste is a wild one—but feeble my aid
To set forth your beauties—to draw from the shade.

VI.

Now friendship shall send you far over the deep,
Where lonely and sadly the absent may weep ;
If carelessly woven, the Will must atone—
Love, blooming them o'er with a charm all its own.

VII.

And what are the lessons ye teach when ye go ?
What learn we from flowers, that for all brightly blow ?
Ye speak to the loved one, now far from his home,
“ Trust firmly in God—from His guidance ne'er roam.

VIII.

“ Let high moral culture thy standard now be,
Bind fast round thy heart God's commandments to thee—
If sinners entice thee—O, never consent—
Sin's blossoms are false ones—their show is soon spent.”

IX.

"Consider the lilies—they toil not nor spin"—
May this in thy heart fix the moral within :
Remember, 'tis God from the flowers hath taught
Sweet lessons of trusting—with wisdom they're fraught.

X.

If e'er from the right path thou'rt tempted to stray,
Go, enter a garden—reflect there, and pray :
Be wise not above what is writ in His word,
But learn from Creation to trust in the Lord.

XI.

Yet, rest thee not here—go, and bow at His feet,
There praise for Redemption in strains that are meet :
'Twas great if our God but created one flower—
'Twas greater to ransom from sin's deadly power.

TO A BEREAVED MEDICAL FRIEND,

WITH A

Bunch of Double Snow-Drops.

I.


WELCOME sweet flow'ret from thy lowly bed !
Joyful I hail the lifting of thy head !
Bursting between the beautiful dark leaves,
Like pendant icicles from cottage eaves.

II.

I love to watch thy growth, thou fragile flower,
Gleaming in wintry skies to cheer the hour
Of some sad mourner, of his friend bereft,
Whose heart is desolate—no solace left.

III.

I love to watch the unfolding of thy form,
Bending thy beauteous head to meet the storm ;
Not combating the rude wind's boisterous stroke,
But bowing meekly to its fearful yoke.



IV.

I love to see thee gently wave thy head
When zephyrs soft play o'er thy sunny bed ;
I love to see thy golden petals glow
Like brilliant gems from the deep mines below.

V.

So have I seen on earth connubial bliss
Watch o'er its treasure—press the heart's fond kiss
On the loved flow'ret, nestling on its arm,
Guarded by love from earthly care and harm.

VI.


But vain the care, the watchings, and the love,
When fell disease, commissioned from above,
Strikes at the root of every cherished joy,
And loud proclaims “no bliss without alloy.”

VII.

Heart-rending, then, to watch the fragile flower
Droop day by day—the bright eye lose its power—
The rosy hue of health forsake that cheek
Where hectic spots the tale of suffering speak.

VIII.

O then, how sweet to see affection's power
Soothing the loved one in the dark'ning hour ;
O then, how bright connubial love doth shine,
Whilst faded joys around the heart-strings twine.



IX.

And such wert thou to thy loved drooping flower—
How didst thou tend her in the midnight hour?
How watch her suffering frame! the mourner soothe—
Thy own heart breaking with its weight of love.

X.

How oft for her were spring's fair garlands brought?—
The Snow-Drop pale—the blue "Forget-me-not"—
How oft did thy lov'd hand her pain assuage?—
How oft thy skill arrest the tyrant's rage?

XI.

Thou could'st not keep her in this wintry clime—
Thou could'st not hold her, e'en with love of thine—
Though deep that love, her spirit longed to rise—
Thy choice exotic, sought its native skies.

XII.

She sought, and found a milder clime above,
Where flow'rs immortal, bloom 'mid bowers of love:
See! there she lives—a flow'ret ever fair—
No blight—no drooping—all is sunshine there!

XIII.

So like the Snow-Drop, 'mid its folding leaf,
May'st thou be shelter'd in thy bitter grief—
Kept by thy Saviour in this world of night—
Then join thy loved-one in the realms of light.

The Crocus.

WELCOME joyous, early flower!
Art thou come to sport thy hour?
Telling that the Winter's gone,
And that Spring is coming on,
With her varied tints of green
That on hedges, trees, are seen.
Emblem thou of "cheerfulness,"
Welcome in thy beauteous dress!
Now I see thy robe of gold—
Watch thy rounded leaves unfold;
See thee ope thy laughing eye
Gazing on the sunny sky:
Sometimes decked in sapphire hue,
Clad in robes of heaven's own blue;
Striped and shaded, softened down,
Finished with a golden crown,
Trembling on its thread-like spray,
Now commingling like a ray
Of the sweetest, purest light,
Falling gently on the sight.

O, what power, what goodness here!
O, what love in flowers appear!
Made for man, to cheer, to guide,
Each one differing side by side.
If God doth for flowers thus care,
Surely man may claim a share
Of His watchful providence,
And His sleepless vigilance.
He, doth every want supply,
Cheer the heart, and glad the eye.
Joyous flower, I learn from thee,
God who made, will care for me!

The Lilac.

I.

THEY call thee "forsaken," I know not for why—
Sweet, sweet is thy perfume when winds o'er thee sigh;
Clustering the flowers that rise from thy stem—
O, thou art lovely, thou art Spring's fairest gem.

II.

They call thee "forsaken," yet here we behold
Thy numerous bunches their beauties unfold :
How meekly they rest like pure pearls on a spray,
Or, like Amethysts grouped, thy spiral flowers stray.

III.

Art thou "forsaken ?" then to thee I will cling—
O, had I the power a bright halo to fling
Round thee and thy blossoms, its lustre should tell,
Though classed as "forsaken," some hearts love thee well.

IV.

"Forsaken !" O, where is the proof that thou art,
For when dost thou fail to perform thy sweet part ?
Refreshing our eyes with thy emerald green ;
Far shedding thy fragrance—enlivening the scene.

V.

They've surely mistaken thy emblem—thy name—
I ask for a favour—a boon for thee claim—
Thy name shall be "gladness," refreshing the heart ;
We'll banish "forsaken"—it suits not thy part.

VI.

Are *we*, then, "forsaken ?" No, not if we trust
In God, our Creator, almighty and just ;
The world may mistake us—it sees but one side—
God does not forsake, though health—wealth be denied.

To a White Camellia,

INSCRIBED TO B. M. BRADFORD, ESQ.,
CASTLE HOUSE, CHEPSTOW.

I.

BEAUTIFUL flower! Whence camest thou here?
"I have come from the land of the West,
Where the clustering grapes thickly do hang,
And the sun later sinks to his rest."

II.

Beautiful flower! How lik'st thou thy home?
"My home? Never can I feel it so;
Dull are the skies, the soil is but cold,
And my blossoms are scant I well know."

III.

Why, then, sweet flower, why lingerest thou here?
"O, I cannot go back if I would;
Ocean rolls wide whose tempests I've braved.
Watch'd and shelter'd, the storms I have stood."

IV.

Beautiful flower! Why camest thou here?
"Why? I came to adorn the fair bride;
To be twined in a wreath for that brow
Where the Orange-buds lay in their pride."

V.

What said the bride to thy beauteous bloom ?

“ O, she smiled, and she said I was fair :
But she carelessly laid me aside,
Though I longed in her triumph to share.

VI.

Didst thou pine from that cruel neglect ?

“ No, the mourner since then I have soothed ;
I've been twined in a chaplet, and placed
On the grave of the young and the loved.”

VII.

And what falter'd the mourner to thee ?

“ Ah, he sighed, and a tear-drop did fall ;
Only one—but it came from the heart ;
And such tears—how they soothe ! Not appal.”

VIII.

Didst thou throw off that tear from thy flower ?

“ No, I caught it all warm as it fell,
And I shrined it within my sweet cup—
But that sigh—O, its depth, who can tell ?”

IX.

Then a welcome to thee thou sweet flower,
From thy bright sunny home in the West ;
Though neglected “ in moments of joy,”
On the grave of the loved thou shalt rest.

TO A BELOVED STEP-SISTER,

WITH

A Pansy.

I.

SWEET blooming flower! fit emblem thou
Of rest and peace of mind;
Thy velvet leaves, and starry eye
Seem made to soothe mankind.

II.

No gorgeous shades of dazzling hue
Flash on our aching sight,
But tranquil as the Western breeze
That floats in balmy night.

III.

To me thou art a very gem—
Thy sapphire shades of blue
Oft blended with the topaz pale,
And drops of pearl-like dew.

IV.

Go, rest thee in that gentle hand
And lead her thoughts above—
Go, beauteous flower and, whispering low,
Tell a sweet tale of love.

V.

Go, breathe a sister's fondest prayer
For happiness and peace,
For every blessing Heaven can give—
With only life to cease.

VI.

Be Heart's-ease twined with every joy,
(I love its humble name);
A jewel this that's priceless, rare—
For thee, this gem I'll claim.

VII.

For thee, I culled this beauteous flower,
Of it, a wreath would twine;
Its clustering buds by love be clasped—
Thy heart—its fitting shrine.

VIII.

Like thy own thrilling, matchless voice,
Whose tones have often soothed,
So may its charm by thee be felt—
By thee be ever proved.

IX.

And when thy race below is run—
Earth's flowers have ceased to bloom;
Then, may eternal peace be thine
And life beyond the tomb.

To a Garden Daisy.

In some of the English Counties bordering on Wales, the beautiful custom still lingers of decking the graves of departed relatives with flowers on Palm-Sunday. The Daisy, the subject of the following verses, now in the Writer's possession, fell from a chaplet in Chepstow Church-yard, from the tomb of one, who, in life, was fondly loved—in death, deeply lamented.

I.

SWEET, simple flower—I love to look
Upon thy numerous leaves—
A perfect labyrinth—a maze
That Flora's fingers weaves.

II.

How oft in childhood's playful hours
I gazed upon thy form ;
And wondered how thy slender stem
Could brave the angry storm.

III.

And often, too, I wished to count
How many leaves were thine,
Forgetting, in my childish glee,
Thy Maker was divine !

IV.

I never flung away, nor crushed
Thy simple, wond'rous flower,
But watched thee in the sunshine bright
Of Sol's meridian power.

V.

I've watched thee, as the day-light soft
In lingering twilight fell,
Oft musing, if, in life's decline,
I'd love thee half as well.

VI.

But childhood's happy hours are fled,
Though sorrows touch they know;
And care, and grief our steps attend—
Man's portion here below.

VII.

I little thought in those gay hours,
(Now dear to memory,)
When fallen from a beauteous wreath,
How cherished thou would'st be!

VIII.

I thought not, then, of death's rude grasp,
Nor of the clay-cold grave—
Nor ever thought of suffering's blight,
From which no love can save.

IX.

Nor did I know the broken tie
 Of husband, friend, or wife—
 Dearer to each than wealth or fame ;
 Yes, dearer far than life.

X.

I little thought to see thy flower
 Its quiet beauty lend
 To deck the tomb, where sweetly sleeps
 The wife—the mother—friend.

XI.

There clustered, too, with lovely flowers
 Of a bright, sunny land ;
 I saw thee in thy simple dress
 The dearest of the band.

XII.

Thou starry flower—fit emblem thou
 Of her, whose loss we mourn—
 Like thee, she early blossomed here,
 By love's strong hand up-borne.

XIII.

Like thee—in early spring she lived—
 Like thee—she soon was gone—
 But still like thee, she lives enshrined
 In hearts she made her own.

XIV.

How sweet to think her spirit dwells,
In realms of endless light,
Where Spring in all its beauty reigns,
Where day ne'er ends in night.

XV.

O that, like her, I, too, may live
When I am passed away ;
In fond remembrance ever dwell,
In this ne'er know decay.

XVI.

Thou sacred flower ! though wither'd now,
No careless eye shall view
Thy faded leaves—no ruthless hand
Ere seize thee as its due.

XVII.

What ! though on earth I wander wide
From home and kindred far,
And strangers watch around my couch
The parting sigh to hear ;

XVIII.

May some kind hand be found to strew
Fresh flowers upon the sod ;
My humble grave be daisy-decked—
My spirit dwell with God.

The Convolvulus Major.

I.

THOU short-lived, fragile, twining flower,
How bright, how varied are thy hues ;
Where is the eye but sees thy charms ?
Who could to thee a lay refuse ?

II.


In early morn thy beauty shines
Studded with dew-drops ; then we view
Thy changing colours glowing tints,
Like rainbow dyes—oft seen, yet new.

III.

Prismatic now thy rays appear,
Then sweetly shaded, softened down ;
Unrivalled is thy fairy dress—
Thy flowers might form a queenly crown.

IV.

But disappointment lurks in thee
As eagerly we grasp our prize ;
Vainly we try to cherish—keep—
Plucked from the stem—thy beauty dies.



V.

What can we learn, sweet flower, from thee ?
Hope's blossoms snatched do often fade ;
The phantom glitters 'fore our sight,
Our own hand throws the dark'ning shade.

VI.

Did we but leave thee where thou art,
Longer thou'dst cheer us with thy bloom ;
Eager to have thee all our own,
We but consign thee to the tomb.

VII.

True emblem of "extinguished hopes,"
Whilst thy twin sister* ranks as "Night;"
When Hope's bright open flowers we cull,
How oft in darkness sinks their light.

VIII.

O, then from thee this truth we'll learn ;
Let us not grasp at gilded toys :
Earth ! thine are oft "extinguished hopes"—
Thy gold is dross—vain all thy joys.

IX.

Better to fix our hopes on high,
To guide and cheer us on the way,
Where gathered flowers no change shall know,
But living, bloom in endless day !

* *Convolvulus Minor*.

WRITTEN DURING A SEVERE ILLNESS,
ON SEEING MY KIND MEDICAL ATTENDANT WITH

A White Rose.

I.

CLUSTERING are thy snowy leaves
Folded on their bending stem;
Leaf on leaf like crystal drops
Spangling Flora's diadem.
Summer's lovely emblem thou,
Let me bind thee on my brow.

II.

Waft thy perfume o'er my couch,
Telling me of life and health :
From thy dew-dropped petals shake
Health—unpurchased e'en by wealth.
Harbinger of Summer thou,
O, refresh my fevered brow.

III.

Beauteous vision! Art thou gone?
Like an angel's visit here :
Didst thou for a moment light
On my path? Then disappear.
Why not stay? I need thee now,
Scattering balm to cool my brow.

IV.

Gone—yes, gone like all below,
Vanishing like early dew—
Changeful, fading all on earth—
All things transient—nothing new.
No absolving from the vow,
So thou goest—yes, e'en thou.

V.

But there is a flower we claim,
Whose rich perfume ne'er decays;
Leaf on leaf, each gemmed and dropped,
Welling o'er, it ever stays.
Rose of Sharon! Beauteous flower,
Shed thy balm in suffering's hour.

VI.

Grace on grace, like clustering leaves
Dripping with the dews of heaven,
Surely, sweetly round me fall,
Working till the whole is leaven.
Type of Christ's pure love art thou,
Deign to soothe, and cheer me now.

VII.

Now, for 'tis the time of need—
Dark and dreary all around:
Now, for pain and sickness throw
Length'ning shadows on the ground.

Spring thou up beneath my feet,
Pain is ease, and suffering sweet.

VIII.

Hang thy heavenly banner high,
Let the healing power descend ;
If it be thy will, restore—
Thou my soul's Physician—Friend :
But if not—my spirit bear
Heaven's unfading bliss to share.

TO * * * *

WITH A BUNCH OF

Scarlet Geranium.

I.

YE are blooming, glowing flowers, -
Bursting from your pent-up cells ;
Fitting type of comfort's powers,
Rising from your numerous wells.

II.

Go, to where the mourner's sighing
O'er the ne'er forgotten past ;
Go, where fondest hopes are lying
Scatter'd by the ruthless blast.

III.

Go and whisper words of soothing,
Gather'd from your own bright hue ;
Tell him of a hand that's loving,
Ever faithful, ever true :

IV.

Shielding (like your leaves adorning)
Them that cast their care on Him ;
Sweetly, gently thus informing,
" There's a land no shadows dim."

V.

Bid him look on you, believing
That there is a God above ;
Bid him now by faith receiving,
Firmly own that " God is love."

VI.

Who arrayed your colours, bright'ning,
Fearing neither sun nor shade ?
Or, who formed your green leaves height'ning
Freshness—" comfort" there display'd ?

VII.

And shall God, the fount of goodness,
Care for flowers, and not for man ?
Will He leave us in our sadness ?
Fails He in His mercy's plan ?

VIII.

Perish—perish from our bosom
Such a blighting, impious thought—
Gladly may our opening vision
See the wonders He has wrought.

IX.

Sorrow's leaves hast thou been turning?
Thou canst count them—one by one—
But the mercies! O, they're burning
Brightly—numerous—they're unknown.

X.

Did the bitter blast come sweeping?
Ne'er can that forgotten be;
But remember in thy weeping
There's a God can comfort thee.

XI.

Take, then, take these glowing flowers,
"Consolation" in them see:
Firmly trust with all thy powers
God—thy God will comfort thee.

Mignonette.

MOTTO : YOUR MERITS SURPASS YOUR CHARMS.

I.

WOND'ROUS, simple little flower
Blooming in the garden bower ;
Pride of every poor man's cot,
Springing up to cheer his lot.

II.

Thee we find in rich parterre
Where sweet odours fill the air ;
Humbly showing forth thy charms,
Envious pride thy mien disarms.

III.

Yes, thy "merits" far surpass
Those of many a gayer class :
And the proud uplifted eye
Well may pass thee careless by.

IV.

But, when zephyr's fan the air,
Each may then thy sweetness share ;
Or, before the rain-drops fall,
Richer perfume comes to all.

V.

So 'tis with the humble heart,
Quiet, filling life's great part,
Not attracting passers by
Till they feel there's fragrance nigh.

VI.

Then they turn aside to look,
Gaze on nature's open book,
Wond'ring how such little things
Unto man such pleasure brings.

VII.

Further let them read, and know
God doth dwell in hearts below ;
In the contrite, lowly one,
Fixing there His seat, His throne.

VIII.

Lord, I thank thee for each flower
Showing forth thy mighty power ;
Teaching, if I trust in thee,
Happy will my portion be.

IX.

By the world unnoticed here,
At the last may I appear,
By my Saviour's merits saved,
Be on earth for heaven prepared.

The Scarlet Fuschia.

I.

How beautiful thou lookest
Arrayed in living green ;
Thy graceful bells low drooping
In glowing beauty seen :
Thee, nature in adorning
Displayed her perfect " taste,"
As though she long debated,
Nor chose her hues in haste.

II.

Thy flowers of coral brightness
Are thickly scattered o'er ;
Corollas lengthening, shooting,
And many beauties more.
O, what a world of sweetness
Is lavished upon man,
Who, who the power possesses
To fathom Nature's plan ?

III.

Come, cheer me in my sadness,
Come, let thy brilliance glow,
Come, fill my heart with rapture,
Whilst free thy blossoms blow :

I trace a higher working,
I see thy Maker's hand,
"Taste," beauty, both united
In thee, and all thy band.

IV.

And will my God forget me,
Though little and unknown,
Whilst He, in flowers, is showing
A care that all must own?
Because the world is scorning
Or casting me aside,
In God I'll place my treasure,
Who doth for all provide.

V.

His mercy! O, it brightens,
E'en in life's dreary waste,
Each flowery gem displaying,
And showing matchless "taste."
Yes, now my faith is quickened
Whilst looking upon thee;
My hope firm fixed in heaven,
God will my portion be.

On a Myrtle,

IN FULL BLOOM IN THE GARDEN OF A FRIEND.

I.

Love's own flower! Profusely blooming
In this chosen, lone retreat;
Hidden from the public gazing,
Here is shed thy perfume sweet.

II.

Watched, and tended are thy blossoms
By a hand that's tender, strong;
Water'd oft by one that softens
Many a sorrow, care, and wrong.

III.

Blossom on, and ever flourish,
Cheering with thy ever-green,
Glad the heart, and ever nourish
Feelings deep of joys unseen.

IV.

Let thy flowers of "love" aye whisper
"There is peace for thee in store;
Earthly hopes may fade, may flutter,
Heaven hath joys for evermore."

Lavender.

I.

How freely thou bloomest, how sweet is thy scent !
Though wither'd and dried, still refreshing art thou,
The rich give thee welcome, the poor are oft glad
To gather thy blossoms to bathe the sick brow.

II.

" Assiduity's " emblem, well art thou called,
Thy spiral leaves shooting like energy's might,
Thy flowers (of fair industry's toil the reward,)
Thick clustering round him who excels in the right.

III.

Yes, honest endeavours will here gain a prize,
And firm perseverance attain to the goal,
If steadily onward in life's path we walk
God's blessing is ours, not in part, but in whole.

IV.

What an emblem of man in life and in death,
If well he performeth his duties—his part ;
A ministering angel to others in need,
How sweet shall his name be—how dear to the heart !

V.

Though faded from earth, if his life were well spent,
If simply his faith were firm placed in his God,
His works they shall follow—all known in that day,
When worlds are assembled, convened by His nod.

VI.

Then, then shall be seen who were right—who were wrong,
The careful, or he whose large gains were soon spent;
The madman, who toiled day and night to gain gold,
Or, he that more wisely, with less was content.

VII.

The flowers that from rectitude, honesty spring,
Shall bloom ever fragrant, their perfume remain,
Shall live when the voice of the miser is hushed,
When ill-gotten wealth the grasp cannot retain.

TO MASTER * * * * *
ON SEEING HIS FATHER PRESENT HIM WITH A BUNCH OF

Daphne.

I.

"SWEETS to the sweet," say what off'ring more fit
From parent to the child of his love?
The flower that so rich in its clustering grows,
And whose beauty, though quiet, can move.

II.

"Sweets to the sweet"—of fond blessings a store
In the heart that beats only for thee—
A parent's deep love! thou know'st not its strength,
Ever blooming, no fading we see.

III.

"Sweets to the sweet"—does it ask a return?
It is one that though young thou canst give;
A flower surpassing all others on earth,
Whose rich fragrance for ever shall live.

IV.

Bend—I will whisper the name of that flower,
Though its roots are now deep in thy heart—
There let it grow, let it spread, let it bloom—
It is love, filial love—never part.

V.

Bend thee again, while I whisper once more—
It is sweeter than "sweets to the sweet;"
The perfume of love's hallowed flower is this—
Self-denial—obedience meet.

IV.

Look on the Daphne, and think of the hour
When with smiles it was given to thee;
Remain, the loved flow'ret to bloom in his path—
That offering rich perfume will be.

The Hollyhock.

I.

NATURE loves variety—
The seasons come and go—
Mountains tow'ring lift their heads,
The valleys rest below.

II.

The flowers! Who can count them,
Or tell their different shades?
Who knows their nature, uses,
Or counts each leaf that fades?

III.

Whilst some are creeping lowly,
Others their heads uprear :
Some laughing in the sunshine,
Some blooming where 'tis drear ;

IV.

Some shedding forth their perfume ;
Some glowing like a gem ;
Some from the touch are shrinking ;
Some rising from the stem ;

V.

Some nestling 'mid the green leaves ;
Some clustering thickly grow ;
Some revelling in noon-day ;
Some in the evening blow ;

VI.

Some floating on the water ;
Some clinging to the rock ;
Some dying soon as open ;
Some bearing many a shock.

VII.

O, man ! Thy powers are baffled,
And vain is all thy skill
To follow Nature's windings,
Or seek to know her will.

VIII.

The wisest cannot fathom—
The loftiest cannot soar—
Nor all earth's gifted beings
Can sum up Nature's store.

IX.

Full, free-blooming Hollyhock,
Say, who thy flowers can count?
Who paint thy various shadings,
That from thy petals mount?

X.

Who throw that light farina
That scatter'd o'er thee lies?
Who form that lovely coronal
Hidden from careless eyes?

XI.

Be humbled lofty proudling—
Ye rich, how poor your wealth!
One glorious flower out-vies ye—
It grows not of itself!

XII.

From God, the great Creator,
Do these rich gifts proceed;
He knows that man wants cheering—
He knoweth what we need.

XIII.

In grateful adoration
I lift my heart to Thee ;
And bless Thee for the flowers
That live and bloom for me !

The Lotus.

Written on reading that the sacred Lotus, or Egyptian Bean, was producing its flowers of marvellous beauty in the tropical Aquarium at Kew Gardens, Sept., 1868.

I.

WHY hast thou left thy own bright home
For cloudy, stormy skies ?
Where keen and bleak the north wind blows,
Where fog and vapour rise ?

II.

Thy home ! Its clime is genial, mild,
No loud tornados roar,
Nor angry surges in their wrath
E'er lash the burning shore.

III.

The wind comes sighing o'er the plains,
Where fragrant spices blow,
And with thy own sweet incense joined,
Commingling on they flow.

IV.

Just so it is with loving hearts,
The stranger's woes they share ;
Echo his sighs—dry up his tears,
And soothe his anxious care.

V.

Here, art and care their powers have tried
To foster thee and rear,
To give thee life in this cold clime,
To bloom when leaves are sear.

VI.

And Charity's warm helping hand
Oft shields the stranger's form,
Whilst Christian love the care bestows,
That shelters from the storm.

VII.

Emblem of silence ! Quiet thou
Dost in thy beauty bloom ;
In thee we hail the Christian's type—
Type of that world to come.

VIII.

His home is not in this cold clime,
He claims no country here ;
But fostered by a Father's love,
He's saved from many a fear.

IX.

That loving Hand is his defence,
It screens his naked head,
Protecting from life's raging storms,
By Him securely led.

X.

No care like Thine, thou God of love,
No shelter like Thy wing ;
There let Thy children trust and stay,
Their tongues Thy praises sing.

XI.

Then bloom, sweet flower, though cold our clime,
Thou'rt sheltered from the blast,
And we may flourish in our home
When life's fierce storms are past.

The Cone Aster.

I.

WHEN first I saw thee growing,
'Twas in a sunnier home,
Where purple grapes were hanging,
Where Myrtles sweet did bloom ;
Where Nightingales were singing
At morn and dewy eve,
Where all its tribute bringing
No chord, untouched, did leave.

II.

And now I see thee falling
O'er rock, and wall, and stone,
Thy berries red thou'rt showing,
Where some would die unknown ;
Thou'rt thriving where the nipping
Of early frosts do come,
As if in meek submitting
Thou mak'st each place thy " home."

III.

And am I thus performing
Life's awful duties here ?
Am I my part fulfilling,
Contented in my sphere ?

Have I one gift or talent
That here I put to use?
Or, is it folded—buried
In earth's vile rubbish loose?

IV.

Am I in patience dwelling
Where God hath placed my lot?
Or, am I sore repining,
His mercies all forgot?
Am I like thee, thou free one,
Content where'er my place?
Or, do I with my Maker
Contend—yea, face to face?

V.

"Peace," rebel heart! Submit, then—
"Be still," there is a God;
If wintry storms are raging,
Kiss the appointed rod;
If summer suns are shining,
Its clustering blessings cull;
Low, at His hand receiving
The cup, though empty, full.

VI.

Forget not in the working
That good shall come to thee,
If fervently thou'rt loving
God, who thy friend will be:

Look on each shrub, each flower,
From each some lesson take;
Contented, here they flourish—
My heart, the moral make.

ON RECEIVING SOME

Standard Roses

IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

I.

BEAUTEOUS Roses! soon you'll wither,
Soon your bloom will pass away;
Last of Summer's lovely lingerers,
Bright'ning this fair Autumn day.

II.

How reviving is your perfume,
Wafted by the passing breeze;
Thus when life's dark storms are low'ring,
Friendship's balm the heart can ease.

III.

Friendship! still on earth a lingerer,
Length'ning, cheering life's short day;
In the darkest hour thou bloomest,
For thy flowers ne'er know decay.

IV.

What is earth without the sunshine?
What is life without thy charm?
Thorns and briars throng our pathway,
And its storms our hearts alarm.

V.

But if thou thy influence sheddest,
In the desert blooms the Rose,
Wither'd hopes again are budding,
And joy's fountain overflows.

VI.

Deign to take this feeble tribute,
From thy perfumed gift it sprung:
Whilst on earth I fain would merit
All thy friendship pure and strong.

VII.

Fading Roses! still your sweetness
Tells my heart of joys to come,
When earth's friendship hallowed, perfect
Through eternity shall bloom.

ON FINDING A

Strawberry Geranium

IN FLOWER THE LATTER END OF OCTOBER.

I.

WHAT, blooming still, thou little flower,
Gladd'ning the heart and eye,
Rising above thy verdant leaves,
Though Autumn winds do sigh.

II.

What, blooming now, though early frosts
Are dancing o'er thy bed?
Like some fair child in sportive play,
When sunny hours are fled.

III.

How often in the early Spring
Thy budding leaves I watched;
Quiet and unpretending thou
Art ne'er with gay flowers matched.

IV.

Still in the bright, the Summer days,
Thy little flow'ret came,
Unheeding all those gorgeous ones
That boast a greater name.

V.

O careless, thoughtless, thankless man,
Forgetting life's intent,
Come, learn from nature's simplest works
The wherefore thou art sent.

VI.

'Tis not for thee to bud and bloom
When youth's first hopes are bright ;
Nor yet when Summer-skies above
Pour forth a flood of light :

VII.

Nor yet when all around is calm,
When fortune tracks thy path,
When heaven its richest blessings sheds
On all thou dost, or hath :

VIII.

Not then—not then, alone, may'st thou
Shine forth with all thy powers,
But blossom when the dark days come,
And lengthen summer hours :

IX.

And blossom, too, when Winter snows
Are falling on thy head ;
When fleeting, vain, our earthly joys
Are withered all and dead.

X.

Sweet, simple flower! I little thought
When first thy roots were fixed,
That I from thee such truths should learn—
Truths, with pure pleasure mixed.

XI.

Then still bloom on—instruction give,
('Tis ne'er too late to learn ;)
In thee and all creation round
Our duty we discern.

XII.

Where'er our lot on earth be cast
There we may root and bloom ;
We cannot go where God is not—
His mercies pierce earth's gloom.

XIII.

Then let us in His love rejoice,
Each praise him in His sphere ;
With glowing hearts trace out His hand,
In all His power revere.

A Bouquet for Every Season,

SENT TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I.

FLOWERS—fresh flowers for thee I'll cull,
All begemmed with early dew,
Fresh and pure as thy young heart,
Ere sad care thy steps pursue.

II.

Snowdrop, first of Flora's train,
Violet sweet, and Primrose pale,
Celandine, whose golden buds
Never 'neath the hedge doth fail.

III.

Budding leaves I'll gather, too,
Bursting blossom also bring ;
Hawthorn, Lilac, Eglantine,
These into thy lap I fling.

IV.

Flowers—sweet flowers I now will pluck,
Glowing in the noon-day sun—
(Every face upturned to him)—
Seldom they his rays do shun.

V.

Now the sweet array is set,
How shall I my choice decide?
Roses—boasting every hue,
These the garden's Summer pride.

VI.

Heliotrope—Carnation sweet—
Jasmine, with its pearl-like star—
Myrtle, and Verbena too—
Mignonette, whose scent spreads far.

VII.

Flowers—bright flowers again I cull—
Autumn's tints are growing bright:
Now they dazzle, now they cheer,
Ere the day is lost in night.

VIII.

Dahlia, with its endless shades,
And Clematis hanging low;
Meadow-saffron—Ivy Green,
These their fairest flowers do show.

IX.

Now the gay Arbutus see,
Shining brightly in the wood;
Clustering are its ruby drops,
Laughing in their joyous mood.

X.

Now, alas! few flowers I bring,
Winter's turn is come at last;
Yet e'en here some lingerers tell
That all pleasures are not past.

XI.

Laurustinus now doth cheer;
Holly with its berries red;
Mistletoe, provoking mirth,
Hanging o'er thy fair young head.

XII.

Flowers of every season, hail!
Spring so fresh, and Summer gay;
Autumn, with its golden tints,
Winter, too, each cheer our way.

XIII.

Then do thou in all rejoice;
Each a fitting emblem be
Of thy childhood, youth, and age,
Brightening with maturity.

"THE dead are like the stars by day,
Unseen to mortal eye
But not extinct, they hold their way
In glory through the sky."—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

I.

THE dead are like some faded flowers
That leave a perfume sweet ;
Deep-rooted in the heart they live,
Their shrine is memory's seat.

II.

Faded on earth, they bloom above,
Where Wintry blasts ne'er come ;
And we shall join them, if by faith
We triumph o'er the tomb.

III.

Join them ! Yes, never more to part,
In yonder world of light,
But bloom together in that clime
That's never dimmed by night.

B I R D S .



I.

BEAUTIFUL Birds ! how I envy your flight,
Sporting like sun-beams, now lost to our sight ;
Soaring and spreading your wings as ye go,
Earth and its dangers you're leaving below.

II.

Beautiful Birds ! how I envy you now,
Safe from the fowler, his snares, and his bow ;
Pure the enjoyment, in ether you float,
Liquid your music, unrivalled your note.

III.

Ye free, happy Birds, ah ! whither away ?
Stay for one moment, do linger and stay ;
Let me not lose every trace of your flight,
Longing to join you in regions of light.

IV.

They will not delay—e'en now they are gone,
Spreading their pinions and greeting the sun :
Higher they mount—for they never look back,
Onward and upward they follow their track.

V.

Now they are turning—no higher they rise ;
Earth is their dwelling—no home in the skies :
Here they are welcome, we long for their stay,
Shorn are our pleasures when they are away.

VI.

Beautiful Birds, what a lesson is here !
How oft do we soar if danger is near :
The storm passed away, the dark cloud removed,
We fly to our nest, and cling to the loved.

VII.

But not like you, need we ever descend,
Here we have safety—a refuge—a friend—
One that will lead us and guide us safe home,
Where trials, and pain, and sorrow ne'er come.

VIII.

Beautiful Birds! I'll not envy again—
Beyond the bright skies a home may claim ;
Then upward I'll look, and forward I'll go,
Sit loose to this world, its pleasures and wo.

IX.

Sweeter than yours, then, my song shall arise,
When freed is my spirit, and heav'n-ward flies :
Sorrow and danger no more I shall know—
There sunshine unclouded and peace ever flow.

The Cuckoo.

I.


THOU gay, happy bird, thou sure herald of Spring,
What a welcome awaits thy return !
What heart but rejoices as first thy strange note
Kindles hopes that for ever should burn ?

II.

How oft in sweet wand'rings with those that I loved
Through the wood, or adown shady lanes ;
We've started, as thou from the trees o'er our heads
Didst burst forth with thy " Cuckoo "-note strains.

III.

How oft, too, I've watched thee when lonely and sad,
Thou hast walked o'er my garden so free,
Picked up the fresh worms as they came from the beds,
And then rang out thy strange thanks to me.



IV.

My heart was relieved as I followed thy flight,
(From this earth we may soon mount above ;)
I remember'd that very far off is a land
Ever blooming with joy and with love.

V.

I thought, too, that there one sweet song was pour'd forth ;
One, whose subject is always the same ;
A song of high rapture, thanksgiving, and praise.
And Creation re-echoes the strain.

VI.

But, I must descend, for that theme always lifts
My crushed spirit from earth and its woes :
If I can, let me sing of Spring's bird and its ways—
Yes, Hope's bird, that no Winter ere knows.

VII.

They tell us that no loving Mother art thou,
That no home for thy young ones is made ;
They tell us that pleasure engrosses thy time,
That on others thy duties are laid.

VIII.

Perhaps that is true ; but there may be a place
Where a warm little nest might be found
Prepared by thy love—by thy instinct and skill,
And protected from danger around.

IX.

We will not condemn thee, the wisest fall short
Nature's lab'rins of wonders to trace ; [heights,
Through the lengths and the breadths, the depths or the
Many try, but how few win the race.

X.

We're none of us perfect—and thou, joyous bird,
No exception dost form to the rule ;
For this one defect, a free pardon we grant,
To forgiveness our hearts we should school.

XI.

Sing away ! Sing away, thou gay happy bird !
Through the woods let thy strange music float :
Come again, come again, for it will not be Spring
If we hear not thy soul-stirring note.

The Bird of Paradise.

I

CAN fancy's flight e'er trace
Thy path, thou beauteous bird ?
Or mortal taste combine
Hues, as on thee conferred ?

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

II.

Thy Maker ! O, 'twas He,
Creation's Lord and God ;
He plumed thy wings for thee,
Thy feet with sapphires shod.

III.

What hand on earth could frame
Thy throat, like emeralds bright ?
Neck, tail, of golden blaze,
Flashing in splendid light.

IV.

“ Bird of the Sun ! ” Well called—
Thou in his rays dost live :
No shade o'er thee must pass,
Nor clouds their rain-drops give.

V.

High—high thou'rt on the wing,
Still soaring from our earth,
In Isles, whose genial clime
Knows nought but Summer's birth.

VI.

All is not fabled tale
That earth feels not thy tread,
For seldom dost thou light
Thy gorgeous plumes to spread.

VII.

What is thy food, bright bird?
Is it the ether pure?
Or, doth not Nature kind
Provide thee something sure?

VIII.

O, when shall these proofs end,
Of mighty wisdom, love?
Not until man ascends,
And gains yon world above;

IX.

Not till earth's mists are cleared;
Not till we all things know,
Shall we that wisdom prove,
That love to man below.

X.

Thou, beauteous bird! In thee
A depth of love I trace;
To pleasure man thou'rt form'd,
Earth's brightest gifts to grace.

XI.

Creation's matchless gem!
If man would learn from thee
To soar away from earth—
From care's sad shadows flee:

XII.

Then angels' food he'd eat,
And bask in heavenly light ;
In sunshine he would dwell,
His day ne'er end in night.

XIII.

'Tis but when we alight
And try forbidden ground,
We feel the treach'rous net,
The snare that's spread around.

XIV.

'Tis then we sink, and feel
The hand that holds us fast,
And oft that power, in vain,
We strive from us to cast.

XV.

This lesson teach, sweet bird—
If we but rise, we're safe,
But if too low we stoop—
Earth chains the wings of faith.

XVI.

Bright Sun of Righteousness !
In thee alone we live ;
In genial climes they dwell
Who good from thee receive.

XVII.

May we Thy mercy view
In every leaf and flower ;
And in the beauteous birds
Behold thy love and power !

The Nightingale.

I.


No outward adorning of plumage is thine,
No gleaming of purple and gold ;
No neck proudly arched, no bright wings to outspread,
No dazzling in thee we behold.

II.

Unnoticed amongst the gay songsters around,
Nay, often unknown to the crowd ;
'Tis but by thy doings we know thou art there—
By them, that the spirit is bowed.

III.

So it is with true worth, ever hid in the glare,
In the din of every-day life ;
But watch it, and follow it out of the noise,
With sweetness, with power it is rife.



IV.

There are some who assert thou'rt silent by day,
Yea, silent, arising from pride ;
But those who have listen'd in noon's glowing hour
Have heard the sweet notes thou hast tried.

V.

And O, when the shadows of evening fall thick,
The horizon with clouds is o'er hung,
True worth will break forth like the Nightingale's strain,
Our harps by its deeds are re-strung.

VI.

How peaceful those hours when I quietly rose
And opened my casement to list
To thy heart-moving song, when nature was hush'd,
And dew-drops lay hid in the mist.

VII.

Sing on, then ; sing on, both by day and by night,
Unseen, still thy incense doth rise ;
Though lost to the heart that is toiling for gain,
Thy song shall ascend to the skies.

VIII.

O, would that, like thee, I were always in tune,
When earth with its cares doth employ ;
When sorrow's sad mists fall like evening's dim shades,
Yes, then be my heart filled with joy.

IX.

Joy—not from earth's smiles or its pleasures so-called,
But joy at the thought of that land
Where day without night doth unceasingly reign,
Where love every power doth command.

X.

There, there may I join in that chorus so sweet,
That anthem of joy and of peace,
Of praise and thanksgiving to God and the Lamb—
An anthem that never shall cease.

The Kingfisher.

I.

Our own bright, our beautiful bird,
The gem of our lov'd native isle,
Adorning the banks of its streams,
Where plenty and peace ever smile.

II.

Thou sparest our ripening fruits,
Delighting in "Walton's" prized art;
Nicely balanced, thou watchest thy prey,
Unerring, on it thou dost dart.

III.

On the cliffs thou buildest thy nest,
'Tis there that thou rearest thy brood,
Fulfilling a parent's sweet task,
And freely providing their food.

IV.

Thy conjugal love, too, is great,
To thy mate both faithful and true ;
Whilst we thy gay plumage admire,
Thy dress of bright orange and blue.

V.

O Nature ! what heart but must feel
How varied, unrivalled thy charms ;
Whilst gladd'ning, refreshing our eyes,
O, surely Devotion, it warms.

VI.

It raises, ennobles the mind,
A God in His works thus to trace,
To watch well the wisdom and power—
To watch—both in Nature and Grace.

VII.

Let nature the stepping-stone be
That leads to acknowledge His love ;
Delight thus to follow the stream
That ends in the fountain above.

The Bell-Bird.*

I.

BEAUTIFUL Bird, with thy plumage of snow,
Who hath e'er followed thy marvellous track?
Habitant thou of a far distant land,
Where wonders unceasing men never lack.

II.

"Toll"—"Toll"—how the traveller starts!
Sad visions o'erwhelming his soul,
As home fly his thoughts: Hark! Again
Comes floating that ominous "toll!"

III.

Thou wayfaring one, look upward and view
The strange flutter that waken'd thy fear;
Was it a warning to call thee from earth?—
Something proclaiming "thy rest is not here."

*The Bell-Bird (*Cotinga carunculata*) is a native of South America, and about the size of a jay. His plumage is white as snow. On its forehead rises a spiral tube, nearly three inches long, which is jet-black, dotted all over with small white feathers. It has a communication with the palate, and, when filled with air, looks like a spire; when empty it becomes pendulous. His note is loud and clear, like the sound of a bell, and no song or sound from any of the winged inhabitants of the forest causes such astonishment as the toll of the Campanero. You hear his "toll," and then a pause for a minute; then another "toll," and then a pause again; then a "toll," and then a pause. With many of the feathered race, he pays the common tribute of a morning and evening song. He is never seen to feed with the other Cotingas, and it is unknown in what part of Guiana he makes his nest.

IV.

"Toll"—"Toll"—again doth it come—
Again doth it make thy pulse start ;
'Tis sent for some wise purpose here,
And well it performeth its part.

V.

No human eye hath beheld thy warm nest ;
No human hand e'er despoiled thy sweet home :
Tell me where is it, thou free rover tell ?
Strangely thou goest, and strangely dost come.

VI.

"Toll"—"Toll"—is thy duty not done ?
Again art thou sounding thy bell ?
Wanderer, haste on, night is at hand—
That pause—who its meaning can tell ?

VII.

Wonderful Bird ! thou proclaimest thy power,
Yea, and the skill of thy Maker and mine ;
Morning and evening thy sweet song is heard
Hymning the praises of wisdom divine !

The Wren.

I.

LITTLE songster of our Isle,
Oft do thy sweet notes beguile
Spirits sad, with care opprest,
Longing, sighing after rest.

II.


'Tis not in the busy town
Where the din thy song would drown ;
Nor when Spring and Summer cheer,
That thy warbling greets the ear.

III.

It is in sequestered lanes
That thou tri'st thy choicest strains ;
Singing, too, when flakes of snow
Softly, thickly fall below.

IV.

Who could track thy rapid flight,
Darting quick like beams of light ?
Sporting when the sun doth rise,
Warbling until day-light dies ?



V.

Always here thou mak'st thy home,
Never do thy footsteps roam ;
And the land where thou hast birth
Feeds and shelters thee till death.

VI.

Who can view thy tiny nest,
But must feel true pleasure's zest ?
Curious, strong, yet warmly lined,
Skill and forethought there combined.

VII.

Great, too, thy maternal love—
What can daunt thee ? What can move ?
Glaring day ne'er wakes thy brood,
Hidden safe, thou giv'st their food.

VIII.

O, my heart a lesson learn,
Good in every thing discern ;
Dost thou sing when skies are dull ?
Trust, when sorrow's cup is full ?

IX.

Art thou with thy lot content ?
Are thy gifts—thy time well spent ?
For thyself dost thou but live ?
Or to others pleasures give ?

X.

Pause—O, pause, it comes to this—
There is but one way to bliss :
Loving God with all our heart,
From each sinful way depart :

XI.

Doing good to all around,
In the path of duty found ;
Loving enemies and friends,
Then our life in glory ends.


XII.

Sing on, joyous, happy bird,
Use the gifts on thee conferred ;
Whilst to all thou dost proclaim
Thy, and our Creator's name.

The Peacock.

I.

BIRD of the eastern, the far-distant clime,
Sporting thy plumage in grandeur sublime,
Arching thy neck like " the Bow " in the skies,
Spreading thy tail with its many-starred eyes.



II.

Mild is thy gentle eye, beaming and sweet,
Timid, thou lovest thy chosen retreat ;
Enemy thou of the Serpent's vile race,
Patiently watching his covert to trace.

III.

Watching unwearied its venom to crush,
Fearlessly standing by bank or by bush ;
Boldly thou seizest the foe in thy beak,
Finished thy duty, no praise dost thou seek.

IV.


When the sun glows in his noon-day's full blaze,
Then thou art sporting thy hues in his rays ;
Solomon's glory thou then dost outshine,
That was but borrowed—thy glory is thine !

V.

Is it then said, thou art vain, thou art proud,
Glowing in sunshine to dazzle the crowd ;
Displaying thy colours, raising thy crest,
Pride and ambition but firing thy breast ?

VI.

Not so, glorious bird ! I think I can trace
Far higher instinct in all thy bright race ;
Feeling the sunshine, no voice canst thou raise—
Seen is thy tribute, thy Maker to praise.



VII.

He, who bestowed thy rare plumage to shine,
Denied thee a voice—'twas just, 'twas divine ;
To each and to all dividing His gifts,
One being is lowly—one He uplifts.

VIII.

Each has a talent, a gift, or a grace,
Which none has a right to hide or efface ;
The one talent used shall have its reward,
Peace in the conscience—the smile of the Lord.

IX.

Display thy bright plumage, beautiful bird !
Using the instinct on thee that's conferred ;
Would that like thee in the sunshiny hour,
Man would glorify God—show forth His power.

X.

Crushing the Serpent that lurks in the heart,
Watching with prayer till the evil depart ;
Praising and thanking for mercies that last,
Sweetly rejoicing for blessings long past.

XI.

Thus, all Creation a lesson may give,
Thus, from our pleasures instruction receive ;
Always beholding the bright sunny side,
Never attribute right motives to pride.

The Sparrow.

I.

Thou little twittering bird,
Nothing hast thou to boast,
Thy dress both humble, grave—
Thy life of little cost ;
No thrilling song hast thou—
No note the heart to bow.

II.

Thou dwellest amongst men,
Thou hast no slavish fear ;
In every season found
The guest of peasant, peer :
Thy well-known nest is seen
'Mid smoke or hedge-rows green.

III.

The sportsman spareth thee ;
Unprized, he lets thee pass,
His murd'rous weapon's raised
'Gainst those of higher class :
O, many a lofty one
With thee would fain lie down.

IV.

And yet, 'tis e'en for thee
Our heavenly Father cares ;
Knows when one sparrow falls,
Oft saves from hidden snares :
For food, if thou dost cry,
He doth thy wants supply.

V.

And what ! is such His love
To thee, neglected bird ?
And what ! shall we despair
When sorrow's fount is stirred ?
Will He his help deny,
He, who is ever nigh ?

VI.

What ! can His promise fail,
To those who trust in Him ?
Can He his oath deny ?—
Let not our faith wax dim :
Who sees the sparrow fall,
Will save us, if we call.

VII.

Our every hair He counts,
Our every sigh He hears, .
Knows what His creatures want,
Sees all our bitter tears :

" Seek first His righteousness ;
All things He'll add "—though less.

VIII.

" Fear not, then, little flock ;
Of much, much value more
Than many sparrows ye "
Than all creation's store :
To you a kingdom's given,
A throne prepared in heaven.

The Canary.

I.

A STRANGER? No, thy right is gone
To such a sadd'ning name ;
A very household pet art thou,
With us a home dost claim.

II.

Joyous, and bright, and varied, too,
Here is thy plumage seen ;
Whilst in thy own, thy native land,
Thou'rt clad in verdant green.

III.

Yet, 'tis not for thy golden robes
That thou to us art dear,
But for thy thrilling, matchless song,
That many a heart doth cheer.

IV.

Yes, many a dreary home is glad
With thy sweet song of love ;
And list'ning, many a care-worn heart
Is led to look above.

V.

O, poor indeed, is he who can't
Thy little pittance give ;
And very dark is that sad spot
Where sunny beams don't live.

VI.

Where thou dost dwell, a gleam of joy
Comes playing o'er the heart ;
Thy song can check the rising sigh,
And blunt care's rankling dart.

VII.

Rich the return that thou dost give
For water, groundsel, seed ;
To many a toiling pent-up one
Thou art a friend indeed.

VIII.

Sweet captive! grateful to the hand
That doth thy wants supply:
The "little all" thou hast to give
Are warblings loud and high.

IX.

And what! does man give back his all
To Him who now bestows
Food, clothing, shelter, reason, life—
To each His goodness shows.

X.

Ungrateful being, go thy way,
Bow humbly at His feet;
Give Him "thy all"—a worthless heart,
By faith an offering meet.

XI.

Go, soothe the wretched, that on earth
Feel poverty and pain,
And, whilst relieving with thy wealth,
Cheer them with love's sweet strain.

XII.

Go, make the humble dwelling glad,
And there give gleams of joy;
Do good whilst here—and then in songs
Eternity employ.

The Swallow.

I.

ART thou come, then, thou wandering one?
Thou roamer o'er earth and the sea!
O, how gladly we welcome thee here,
Forerunner of joys that shall be.

II.


Thou hast left the sweet shores of those lands
Where glorious beauty doth reign;
Unto us thou'rt the herald of warmth,
With Summer and Spring in thy train.

III.

Tell me, where is the eye that hath failed
Thy wondrous vagaries to watch?
Now, high soaring, now, darting so quick,
'Tis only thy outline we catch.

VI.

Happy Bird! that can stretch out thy wings.
And fly from the furious blast,
Can escape from the sun's scorching beams,
Renewing the joys that are past.



V.

Thus, it with the heart that's in tune,
Though often its joys don't appear,
For it dwells in the climate of love—
No Winter throughout all the year.

VI.

O, I would that my heart were like *that*,
'Neath Summer's bright rays ever dwell,
To escape when the tempests were nigh,
And fly o'er the ocean's rude swell.

VII.

But, oh, no—I must bide my full time,
Must wait till the word shall be given ;
Then, full-winged like the bird take my flight,
And live in the sunshine of heaven !

The Parrot.

I.

BIRD of Afric's burning climate,
'Tween the tropics is thy home,
Where no angry winds are moaning,
There thou freely, gay dost roam.

II.

Thou dost shun the dark Savanna,
Car'st not for the fountain's splash ;
Happy up the palm-tree climbing,
Tapping now the Calabash !

III.

Joyous strains of power or sweetness
Ne'er come gushing from thy throat ;
All discordant in thy wildness,
Music is not in thy note.

IV.

Yet how eagerly thou'rt sought for—
Many a snare for thee is laid ;
Man, aye grasping for the lucre,
E'en of thee is traffic made.

V.

Often on the tall Palmetto
Thou art taken, prison'd, sold ;
Man, with all his lofty genius,
Turning everything to gold.

VI.

Would that *this* were his worst sinning—
Crimes, no blacker he did own :
Better this, than tear his fellows
From their lov'd ones and their home.

VII.

Long did Afric's bitter wailings
Cry for vengeance—but in vain ;
Moaning winds and swelling surges,
Echoed clanks from slavery's chain.

VIII.

Loud and louder came the weeping,
And its anguish—who can tell ?
Surely Ocean's depths were fathomed—
Darker spots where'er it fell.

IX.

Vain were all those tears, entreaties,
Slavery but wider woke,
Till at last the surge high-heaving,
Loud on Britain's shores it broke.

X.

Then came forth a quick responding,
" Pity " every soul did melt ;
" Tongues of fire " did burn in pleading,
Loving hearts in prayer were knelt.

XI.

O my country ! thou art risen
Far above the nations high :
'Twas thy arm that snapped the fetters,
" Freedom " ringing through the sky.

XII.

Sleep not, British Lion ! sleep not ;
Let thy powerful voice be heard ;
Rest not, till all nations joining
Justice render—long deferred.

XIII.

England ! thou hast drawn the curtain,
Letting in a glorious day,
Light from thy own sun is falling,
Mercy, tinging every ray.

XIV.

Well will Africa repay thee,
For her treasures are untold ;
Varied, rich her vegetation,
Rivers, with their sands of gold.

XV.

Unexplored her trackless regions,
There, unknown, live Nature's powers ;
Undisturbed, she there is yielding
Luscious fruits and gorgeous flowers.

XVI.

England ! let thy strong arm shield her,
Guard, what thou did'st nobly give ;
And 'midst freedom, plenty dwelling,
Let the sons of Ham now live.

XVII.

Let them earn their food and shelter
Like thy own free sons of toil ;
Taste domestic bliss, contented
On their own prolific soil.

XVIII.

Waft ye winds, in safety waft ye,
Richest freights from yon far shore ;
Gold and spices, earth's fair produce,
Furnishing a plenteous store.

XIX.

And a welcome, too, we'll give thee,
Bird of Afric's sunny clime ;
Blending thee in all our thinking.
With our childhood's happy time.

The Seagull.

I.

OFF in the days of my childhood I've watched
Thy flight from the rock's beetling brow ;
Wonder'd, amazed at the strength of thy wing,
As it soared o'er the chasm below.

II.

Oft, too, I've watched, when away from this earth,
Thou hast flown o'er the far-spreading sea ;
Dipping thy wing in the snowy-white wave,
Quickly rising, preparing to flee.

III.

And oft with a trembling heart I have seen,
When the storm has been raging around,
High on the mountainous billows thou'st been,
Calm, undaunted, thou there hast been found.

IV.


With my little hands clasped, then I have cried,
"O, the beautiful Gull will be lost ;"
But lo ! as I spake, the sweet bird has risen,
Not a plume of its feathers been tost.

V.

Its screams—they were laughter, defying the storm,
No resistance or struggle was there ;
It crested the waves in their furious wrath—
Happy bird that could trust without fear.

VI.

Would that this heart could as easily yield
To the will of my Father above ;
Breasting the waves of this troublesome world,
And rely on His power and His love.



VII.

What, if on mountains of billows I'm tost,
The good Pilot of Galilee lives :
What, if to depths of sad woe I am hurled,
All who ask it, in faith, help receive.

VIII.

Resistance gives strength to the boisterous wave—
Like the bird, if we trust, we shall rise :
Only the dross that is lost in the fire—
And earth's dust 'fore the wave always flies.

IX.

Sweet are the lessons we learn in our youth,
From the birds, or the flowers, or the sky ;
How oft they come borne on memory's wing,
When o'er burdened with sorrow we sigh.

X.

A lesson from thee in life's storms I will take ;
I will trust, and not fear in the gale ;
For He that such power bestows on a bird,
To His creatures He never will fail.

XI.

Away with the plan that takes from the child
Instruction, so varied and wise ;
When sorrow o'erwhelms, and life's tempests rage,
To the mind those past scenes will arise.

XII.

Up they will lead to the guide of his youth,
 To the rock that is higher than he ;
 He can uphold on the rough sea of life,
 He, our anchor, our refuge will be.

XIII.

The billows may rage, the angry winds roar,
 In His strength we the tempest out-ride ;
 Safe in the haven, we rest from our strife ;
 We're secure from the billowy tide.

To a Robin,

IN THE STREETS OF NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE.

I.

SWEET trusting bird ! art thou then come
 To such a scene as this ?
 Hast left thy home in some fair glen,
 Where flowers the dew-drops kiss ?

II.

Why art thou here, 'mid noise and din,
And hum of busy men ?
No hedge-rows here—no berries red,
Nor e'en a leafless stem.

III.

How did I start as thy sweet song
Fell sudden on my ear ;
Short as it is, it cheers the heart,
When robbed of joys once dear.

IV.

It tells me sweetly of the past,
When morning skies were bright ;
When I, too, trusted in the strength
Of friendship's cloudless light.

V.

It tells me that the past is fled,
That Summer's faded—gone—
That Autumn's leaves are falling round,
That time is gliding on.

VI.

But oh, that song ! it tells of hope,
And confidence, and love ;
It tells that friendship still remains—
It leads the heart above.

VII.

Sing on, sweet bird, though oft disturbed
By noise of this world's strife;
It cheers the heavy, drooping heart,
It tells of joy and life.

VIII.

Trust on, fond bird! nor ever fear
A wrong from me or mine;
A crumb, and more than that I'll give
For that sweet song of thine.

The Fly-Bird.

I.

BEAUTIFUL one! say, whence dost thou come?
Art thou of earth or of air?
Darting and flitting from flower to flower,
Feeling no sorrow or care.

II.

"In the cane-planted isles is my home,
Bright sunny isles of the West;
Where the sun in his beauty doth glow,
Vanishing quickly to rest.

III.

" There, where warm are its rays, I go forth,
Drops of fresh nectar to sip,
And I bathe in the dew that lies hid
Low in the orange-flower's lip.

IV.

" Then I skim o'er the silvery cane,
Bending and bowing its head ;
Or, I rest 'neath the Guava-tree's bough.
Its blossoms clustering my bed."

V.

On this earth dost thou never alight
Vainly ambitious to please ?
Doth its dust never dim thy bright wings ?
Com'st thou with morn's early breeze ?

VI.

" Not on earth do my footsteps remain,
Its dust my frame would not bear ;
It would mar all my beauties that shine
Like jewels trembling in air."

VII.

Stay for one moment, vision so bright,
Sparkling on yon blossom'd stem ;
Tell me, what art thou—whence hast thou come ?
Surely thou 'rt one living gem !

VIII.

O, ye infidels, quietists, come,
(Who mock or scornfully see),
In these miniatures trace out a God!
In rapture praise, bow the knee.

IX.

'Tis His hands that these bright jewels made—
Living, for man that they glow;
They confirm our belief in His power,
Whose mercies ever do flow. .

X.

O! how wonderful He in His works,
Low at His feet may we fall:
He that formed the proud Eagle hath made
The Fly-Bird gem of them all!

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.



Spring.

I.

Joy ! oh, joy ! the Spring is coming.
Angry clouds no more are looming ;
Earth her treasures doth unfold—
Treasures dearer far than gold.

II.

Look, oh, look ! the trees are budding :
Daisies bright the fields are studding :
Lambkins frisking, as we pass,
Crop the sweet, the dewy grass.

III.

Search, for now the Violet's peeping ;
Primrose pale, no longer sleeping ;
Shaded 'neath their bright green dress,
Types of virgin loveliness.

IV.

See ! oh, see the blossom bursting,
Hedges, orchards, all encrusting
With one sheet of beauteous bloom,
Shedding round its rich perfume.

V.

Listen to Zephyrus sighing ;
Gently now his power he's trying ;
Soft and balmy is his breath,
Bringing life—destroying death.

VI.

Now, yes, now the birds are wooing ;
In the woods the Stock-dove's cooing ;
To his fond and gentle mate
He his love-tale doth relate.

VII.

Boisterous winds no more are roaring ;
Up to heaven the Lark is soaring ;
Cheering, joyous is his note
Gushing from his tuneful throat.

VIII.

Hearken ! for the night-bird's singing ;
List ! her sweet voice now is ringing ;
Low it falls upon the ear,
Soothing, soft, the heart to cheer.

IX.

Starting—starting—now we're greeting,
Hear a sound that's oft repeating ;
“ Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! ” welcome back,
Ever following Spring's bright track.

X.

Man ! O man, thy debt be feeling,
Lowly at God's footstool kneeling ;
Body, spirit, all thy powers
Join and bless their God and ours.

XI.

Let thy grateful song be rising ;
Let thy strains with theirs be vying !
Loudest, sweetest of the throng,
Give to Spring thy welcome song.

S u m m e r .

I.

Now the genial sun shines bright,
Glowing over hill and vale,
Bathing in a sea of light
Hanging wood and mossy dale.

II.

Sweet the new-mown hay-fields smell ;
Jocund there the laugh goes round,
Whilst the merry tale they tell,
As they pile the fragrant mound.

III.

Now the sheep and lambs are shorn
Of their white and fleecy dress,
Giving in the early morn
Scenes of rural happiness.

IV.

Flora's tribe, so beauteous, gay,
In their various tints appear ;
Fluttering leaves with Zephyrs play,
Spreading perfume far and near.

V.

Now the cattle seek the shade,
Or the brook's transparent rill,
As it wanders through the glade,
Gliding gently, trickling still.

VI.

See ! creation's full of life—
Busy bee, and toiling ant ;
All are joining in the strife,
Laying up for future want.

VII.

Chanticleer's gay-sounding note
Summons us at early morn ;
Forth he struts from perch remote,
Seeking food from field and barn.

VIII.

Now the trees are bending low
'Neath their load of luscious fruit ;
And the Strawberry bright doth glow.
Bending o'er its leafy root.

IX.

Now the length'ning shadows fall
On our pathway as we go
Down the green lane—on the wall,
Where the Ivy loves to grow.

X.

Early morning, radiant noon,
Each in beauty revels fair ;
But a Summer's setting Sun,
To it, what can we compare !

XI.

Sinks he in the far-off West,
Shedding round his parting glow ;
Sinks, that man may sweetly rest
From his toil and care and woe.

XII.

Sinks, but 'tis to rise again,
Cheering, warming all below :
O, bright Summer, I would fain
Round thy charms a halo throw.

A u t u m n .

I.


GLORIOUS season, now we hail thee,
Watch thy deepening tints that lie
On the golden corn that's bending
'Neath its weight of rich supply.

II.

Now the crooked, sharp-set sickle
Does its work of duty well ;
Reapers, gleaners, all are busy,
High their hearts with gladness swell.

III.

Now the last full-laden waggons
Slowly down the green lanes come ;
Hats are waving, voices cheering,
Shouting loud the " Harvest Home !"



IV.

Hark ! what merry peals of laughter
Burst from yonder leafy woods ;
For the clustering nuts they're hooking,
Filling fast their bags or hoods.

V.

Haste we now to glowing orchards
Laden with their juicy store ;
Merry talk, or happy singing
Helps the pleasing work the more.

VI.

Now the keen and anxious sportsman
Mounts his murderous weapon high ;
And the well-trained dogs attending
Watch the prey with speaking eye.

VII.

Pheasant, partridge, grouse, and woodcock
From their hiding coverts fly,
Rising, for a moment rising,
Flutter, dropping, low they lie.

VIII.

Dabbled is their beauteous plumage,
Closed their once bright beaming eye,
And the timid hare is started
From her form that's hidden nigh.

IX.

Now the leaves around are falling,
Scattered are the joyous flowers ;
And the Summer birds are flying
To a warmer clime than ours.

X.

Yet pure joys can ne'er be banished
From a mind that's rightly trained ;
Then each season let us cherish,
Musing oft o'er wisdom gained.


XI.

Now bright Phœbus low is slanting,
Fewer, shorter, fall his rays ;
Yet for Autumn's mellowed pleasures
Our full hearts shall offer praise !

Winter.

I.

Now hoary winter is telling his tale,
And diffusing his favours around ;
Garden, and orchard, and meadow are bright
With the hoar-frost that lies on the ground.



II.

Now he is trying the trees to adorn,
He is decking the boughs with his spray;
Snow-flakes are falling so noiseless and soft,
He is weaving pure wreaths like a fay!

III.

See! he is sporting with wand in his hand,
He is feathering the bright crystal pane;
The brook and the mill-dam he's covering o'er,
And he's locking the well up the lane.

IV.

He sleeps not at night, for lo! when we rise,
What a glitter of jewels is there!
Icicles pendant from roof and from bough,
From the rocks, and the coney's warm lair.

V.

They are hanging and drooping—some high and some
They are wreathed—or, are clustered like gems; [low;
Some tied like bouquets, some are reaching across,
Fastened high to the trees leafless stems.

VI.

Hark! through the valley, what music is that?
'Tis the hunting-horn sounding the "mot;"
Horses and dogs, and the gay riders, too,
Soon they'll sing out the "Heigh—Tally ho!"

VII.

Reynard ! away now—off, off, for thy life,
For they stop not for hedge or for brook ;
Cut o'er my garden—'tis free for thy path—
All thy failings I now will o'erlook.

VIII.

Up the hill-side—they are close on the scent—
Quick—away over ditch, through the bush !
Earth thee and hide, or alas ! it will be
Certain death both to thee and thy brush.

IX.


Home let us go, for the day is far spent,
There are purer joys waiting us now ;
With music and song, and converse so sweet,
Friendship's wreath we will bind on our brow.

X.

Fasten the shutter, the curtain draw close,
The gay world, with its cares, we'll forego :
Wheel round the sofa, the hissing urn bring—
Cheery winter, thy pleasures we know.

XI.

High in the heavens the moon's shining forth ;
Queen-like she reigns o'er the hours of night ;
Clustering around, the bright stars appear—
They are twinkling, are sparkling with light.



XII.

Father of mercies! who crownest the year
 With its gifts, and its blessings, so vast;
 May we on Thee for the future rely,
 Whilst our gratitude flows for the past.

XIII.

Each coming season its joys shall impart,
 If we follow them up to their source:
 Spring-time, and Summer, and Autumn, shall yield
 Pleasures—ending in Winter's bright course.


On my Godson's leaving Liverpool for Valparaiso.

I.

FAREWELL to "Old England" the land of my birth,
 To my heart the fairest, the dearest on earth:
 Farewell to the spots where in childhood I played,
 Farewell to the scenes where in youth I have strayed.

II.

Farewell to "Old England," that "gem of the sea,"
 The home of my youth, and the land of the free;
 Farewell to lov'd parents, and sisters, and friends,
 Farewell to thy Sabbaths, thy altars, thy glens.



III.

I will not forget thee, though far I may roam ;
I *cannot* forget thee, for thou art my home ;
I'll remember thee still in the land of the West,
The land of the stranger, the land of my rest.

IV.

They tell me I go to a far brighter clime,
The land of the Citron, the Palm, and the Lime ;
To a gorgeous array of bright tropical flowers,
To birds of gay plumage, and orange-wreath'd bowers.

V.


But dearer to me are thy changeable skies,
Where the song of the sky-lark and nightingale rise ;
Where the hedge-rows are rife with the rose and the briar,
And the daisy-starr'd meadows leave nought to desire.

VI.

Yes, the breath of thy hay fields will still fan my cheek,
When in moments of sadness I solitude seek ;
When I gaze on strange visions, and think of that isle
Where lov'd ones are blessing, and fond ones do smile.

VII.

Their blessing be mine when I sail o'er the deep—
Their smile be my sunshine when lonely I weep .
May the God of my forefathers watch o'er me still,
May I yield to His guidance, and bow to His will.



VIII.

Then adieu to "Old England;" if God go with me,
How rich is my portion—my spirit how free!
Farewell each beloved one, may we meet on that shore,
Where sorrow, and parting, and death, are no more.

Lines

SUGGESTED BY LANDSEER'S CELEBRATED PICTURE,
"THE RETURN FROM HAWKING."

I.

ART, wondrous art; what hast thou not done here?
The pencil surely glowed with living fire:
Call ye that painting? see the life appear!
Expression's magic, finished sweet desire.

II.

O, tread not on that flowing beauteous robe;
Start not that noble horse that patient stands
Stay for one moment, let the keen eye probe
With critic vision, life from Landseer's hands.

III.

View the whole group—look at that beaming face,
That index of the mind that dwells within—
Full of intelligence and every grace,
With glowing words—truth, love, to each akin.

IV.

That matchless group : see childhood's laughing eye,
Shielded by rank and wealth, by fond, deep love ;
The old ancestral hall, attendants by,
The dogs, the hooded bird perched on the gauntlet glove.

V.

That beauteous group, now spoiled by death's rude hand ;
That happy wife, that loving mother weeps :
Faded those days to that bright, joyous band—
Grief, with its tears their filial love now steep.

VI.

On speaking canvas still the mourned one lives—
The husband, father, friend, to those in need :
Thy hand, O Landseer, startling touches gives,
Whilst art unrivalled, glories in this deed.

To my Godson,

WHILST ON HIS VOYAGE TO VALPARAISO.

I.

WHY, O why, this bitter feeling ?
Why this sad, this rising sigh ?
Why my heart this woe concealing,
Whilst I waft my prayer on high ?

II.

'Tis for thee, thou absent loved one,
Comes the anxious thought I breathe :
'Tis for thee my prayers are woven,
With the sighs my heart doth heave.

III.

O, not so in days long faded,
That I hailed thy natal day ;
Then, thy young heart was not shaded
By life's cares that cloud our way.

IV.

Now, O wither art thou roaming ?
On the ocean's stormy deep
Winds are howling, waves are foaming.
Cresting on the billowy steep.

V.

Now we see the frail barque plodding,
To the swelling waves consigned ;
Trackless track, so often trodden,
Never leaving trace behind.

VI.

Yes, we follow on the ocean,
Follow on thy unseen way ;
Follow, not with sight's dim vision,
But with faith's bright cheering ray.

VII.

Now for thee fond hearts are praying,
Praying to the God above ;
Wrestling, hoping, pleading, staying,
Following thee with anxious love.

VIII.

Where, then, where then art thou spending,
Day to all our hearts so dear ?
Spirit now with spirit blending,
Heart with heart, communing near.

IX.

Soon a fairer clime shall greet thee ;
Thou its mildness soon shalt share ;
Yet beware lest pleasure woo thee,
Foil the tempter, ere he snare.

X.

Ne'er forget those sacred Sabbaths,
Bulwarks of thy native isle ;
Let them, on thy wandering foot paths
Smile, like guardian angels smile.

XI.

Though no Sabbath bells shall call thee,
Guiding to the house of prayer,
Commune with thy heart, and lowly
Kneel before thy Maker there.

XII.

Fear not scorn, entreaties, laughter,
To thy closet wend thy way;
All thy vows to God remember,
Unto Him thy homage pay.

XIII.

Be this happy, festal day, then,
Hallow'd by remembrance sweet :
To the Mercy-seat we'll hasten—
Sever'd—there in heart we meet.

XIV.

Meet, to pray for His direction,
Keeping us from every share ;
Claim through life his kind protection—
Meet in heaven His bliss to share.

Written on the Anniversary of parting from a Friend.

I.

O LEAVE me alone in my sorrow,
Alone, that the full heart may weep :
This hour, yea, how sacred this moment,
For love its remembrance doth keep.

II.

Yes, fond love can live over the past,
Affection still clings to the scene ;
Now memory can strike the sad chords,
And waken the joys that have been.

III.

" Have been ? " yes, when the fountain ran o'er,
Refreshing the heart with its spray ;
Yes, when bubbling still fresher it came,
When life in its Spring-time was gay.

IV.

Now—dried up is that fount at its source,
Its waters have long ceased to play ;
For the frame-work is broken that held
The spring where the magic did lay.

V.

The sweet harp that could bring forth such strains
Is shattered—the strings have all snap—
And the lov'd voice no longer I hear,
That often my spirit enrapt.

VI.

O, this day ! brings it nothing but gloom ?
No, no, there is light from above ;
There's a fountain that never shall fail,
Flowing fresh from the deep source of love.

VII.

There's a Hand can re-string the snapt chords—
Who knows what to me they are worth ;
That can strike them with infinite skill,
And joy from the past can bring forth.

VIII.

Then, O call not that day one of gloom,
Though soon its bright sky was o'ercast ;
It may end like a calm Summer's eve,
And peaceful my heart breathe its last.

To my Child.

I.

TIME—how it flies ! it seems but yesterday
Since thou, all helpless, on my bosom lay ;
Since thou wert watch'd and cared for—lulled to rest,
And to each pleasure gave a stronger zest.

II.

In weakness, long thy infant steps were watched
By true parental love—love never matched
By aught that is conceived or seen on earth :
A spark from heaven, kindled by God's own breath.

III.

A love that never wearies, day nor night;
The working of whose springs is hid from sight—
Known by its wonderful effects—oft viewed
In tempers conquered, and in wills subdued.

IV.

A Parent! dread responsibility!
A Child! the heir of immortality!
Exotic rare, to train for its own heaven,
Sent here for moral culture—lent, not given.

V.

Here pause my heart, in solemn commune ask,
“Have I thus rightly well performed my task?
Have I thus trained for heaven, and led the way?
Nipped each false bud, and pruned what went astray?”

VI.

My Child! the only one that God has spared,
Have I thus trained, thus nurtured and prepared?
Strengthened by principles to bear each blast
That will assault, where e'er thy lot be cast?

VII.

Have I unsparing sown the goodly seed
In fertile soil—uprooted every weed?
Have I well watched, and scanned those birds of prey,
Passion, and pride, and self-will's direful sway?

VIII.

A parent's duty not alone to feed,
Nor yet to pleasure's fatal mazes lead :
Let each remember what the *end* shall be ;
'Tis not for time—'tis for eternity !

IX.

This day, three lustres of thy life are past ;
This year (thou know'st not), it may prove thy last :
Then on this day give thy young heart so free,
To Him who lived, who died, who rose for thee.

X.

For me—again I offer that one prayer
That all through life, I've prayed might be thy share—
“ Make my child good, not great—and to him give
The understanding heart for Thee to live.”

XI.

This portion thine, then rich indeed thou art :
This day decide, choose *now* the better part :
Be God thy guide, thy rule His written word—
I ask all this, “ Through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

On the safe arrival of the "Nautilus" at Valparaiso.

I.

WHAT shall we render, God of love,
For all thy gifts to us?
And why, of all thy hands have made,
Are *we* remembered thus?

II.


With prayers, and tears, and humble faith,
We've followed on the deep;
Yes, followed in the midnight storm,
When rose the billows steep.

III.

Nor less when skies around were clear,
And sun-lit rays did smile;
And laughed, and sparkled on thy course,
The tedious hours to guile.

IV.

We followed on the Sabbath morn,
When all around was calm;
And joined in heart, and felt "the word,"
That dropped like heavenly balm.



V.

No fretted aisle, no sculptured dome.
Its lofty head did rear;
But "two or three in His great name,
Were met" to worship there.

VI.

Around that sheltering ark was thrown
God's kind, protecting care,
And He, whom angels, seraphs, praise,
Hath heard our humble prayer.

VII.

Those prayers be now in praises merged
To Him who reigns above;
Him, whom the winds and seas obey,
Whose nature, name, is love.

VIII.

To Him our hearts and voices raise
In one triumphant song;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Our grateful thanks belong.

On revisiting the scenes of my youth, after
an absence of ten years.

I.

ONCE more I have seen thee, thou home of my youth,
(Dearer far in my absence to me ;)
Again I have wander'd the pathway along,
Where my steps were once careless and free.

II.


Again I have stood, where in days that are past,
I have chased the wild bee as it roved ;
Once more I have seen thee, thou home of my youth,
And been welcomed by those I have loved.

III.

Again I have wandered adown the green lanes
Where the wild rose and woodbine did bloom ;
Where the butterfly flutter'd its short sunny hour—
Fitting emblem of life, and the tomb.

IV.

I thought of the bright, happy past that had fled,
When a stranger to sorrow and care
I rambled and played with my four-footed friend,
Who all my enjoyments did share.



V.

If but for one moment the tear-drops did steal,
And tremblingly flow'd down my cheek,
His gambols soon ceased, and the beautiful eye
Told the grief that his tongue could not speak.

VI.

Yes, Ramus, "dear Ramus," a tribute is due
To *thee*, and thy fond, faithful race ;
How delightful if man would but copy thy truth,
And add to refinement a grace.

VII.

But thou, too, art gone, and the bright scene is chang'd
Since those days when together we play'd ;
For the feet of the stranger now darken the spot—
Many loved, in the church-yard are laid.

VIII.

I have trodden once more the soft shelly beach,
And watch'd the wild waves as they rolled,
And once more they soothingly broke at my feet—
What tongue can their wonders unfold !

IX.

They tell us that sorrows shall follow our path—
But they break like the links of a chain ;
One by one they have come, and now, like the wave,
They will never break o'er us again.

X.

Thou wide rolling Mersey ! flow on in thy pride,
May thy merchant ships come from afar ; [shores,
For the plague-spot is wash'd from thy world-honour'd
And the slave-curse no longer is there.

XI.

'Tis fitting and right that the bright scenes should change,
Else the heart would grow sordid and sear ;
'Tis fitting and right that the dark cloud should come
To display the bright lining more clear.

XII.

Then let me not murmur, though changes have come
Since the days of my spring-time and youth ;
Let me rather rejoice that still there are smiles
Of affection—sincerity—truth.

XIII.

Thou home of my childhood ! my heart lingers there,
And will, till the last tie is riven ;
Till the links are all broken—and then may I find
A home with my Saviour in heaven !



"This is my Mother's Likeness."

WORDS SPOKEN BY MY KIND MEDICAL ATTENDANT, ON SHEWING ME
A BEAUTIFUL MINIATURE ATTACHED TO HIS WATCH CHAIN.

I.

"My mother!" yes, 'tis thou, I see thee still,
As first I saw thee in life's rosy morn :
Thy love ! unfathomed is its deep, its hidden source,
That then unlocked, played o'er thy eldest born.

II.

My mother ! yes, I see thy fair face now
Lit up with smiles at my first boyhood's play ;
Or, when my tiny hand was clasped in thine,
We wander'd forth to pull the flowers so gay.

III.

My mother ! thy bright eye did brighter look,
When, cap in hand, the butterfly I chased :
Thy voice ! how thrilling were its tones to me,
As back I flew, by thee to be embraced.

IV.

Thou sharer of my childhood's cares and griefs,
When ball was lost, or twisted kite string brake ;
The tears that fell were bitter ones to me,
But thy fond kiss did soon fresh smiles awake.

V.

Who was it cheer'd, encouraged, helped me on,
When years of study every power entranced ?
Whose pulse with mine did then responsive beat,
As the bright future was by thee enhanced ?

VI.

And, O ! when the hill top was fairly climbed,
And science placed her laurels on my brow.
It wanted thy fond touch to form the clasp—
Thy heart the shrine at which I long'd to bow.

VII.

My mother ! yes, 'tis thou, the same, the same,
Though years have passed, and Time is speeding on ;
The world may see thee changed, *I* feel it not—
My mother still—my own, till life is gone.

VIII.

They tell me that thy hair is silvering o'er—
Thy bright eye dim—thy form, a shadowy trace—
To me, they are the same as when they fell
Like golden sun-light on my infant face.

IX.

My mother ! thou dost bless me now, as when
In life's first morn I rested on thy knee ;
There, then, pure incense from thy heart did rise,
And still unquenched, shall burn till death for me.

X.

My mother ! yes, the same, to me no change,
Except that years have firmer linked the ties ;
Late, late, and gently may those links untwine,
And guardian angels bear thee to the skies !

ON THE RUINS OF

Tintern Abbey.

I.

WHAT lofty conception thy fabric designed ?
What mind planned those arches so vast ?
What heart but must feel as it enters the place ?
Or, who does not think of the past ?

II.

The past ! when the crowds to thy then hallowed fane ;
Did throng the loud anthem to hear ;
When fugitives fled from the foes that they shunned,
In thee they had nothing to fear.

III.

O surely in thee, there were true hearts that raised
Their voices in praise and in prayer,
Who followed the light though but dimly it shone,
And now in its blessings do share.

IV.

Forgotten they sleep, who this wonderous pile,
In all its proud glory have reared ;
And listless the hand that its tracery carved,
And vanquished each foe that was feared.

V.

The feet that once roved through this chosen retreat,
No more on the vaulted aisles tread :
Now, the thoughtless and gay trip o'er the green sward,
Their echoes awake not the dead.

VI.


Those voices are hushed in the stillness of death—
The matin-bell calls not to prayer—
The swell of the loud-pealing organ is still—
No summons to vespers is there.

VII.

When first I beheld thee, 'twas eve's balmy hour,
The moonbeams fell gently on thee :
The waters came rippling, and quietly broke
On grassy banks down by the ley.

VIII.

In mute rapture I gazed on the hallowing scene,
Surveyed all the whole, and each part—
I felt—but no words can express *what* I felt—
'Tis shrined 'neath the veil of the heart.



IX.

I've gazed on thee since on a bright summer day,
When fleecy clouds floated above,
When Sol's glorious beams sparkled over the Wye,
And birds warbled sweet songs of love.

X.

But lovelier far were thy beauties to me
When Luna's mild beams on thee fell ;
And sweeter the notes of the lone bird of night
Than full bands at mid-day can tell.

XI.

All hail to thee, Tintern ! though short was that hour
When first I thy ruins beheld ;
Like strains of sweet music that linger and dwell,
That moment will ne'er be dispell'd.

XII.

Farewell, then, to Tintern ! unequalled thou art,
In ruin, thy sun hath not set ;
Whilst a vestige remains, thy fame must survive,
For, who that hath seen, *can* forget ?

To my Godson,

ON THE 21ST ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH.

I.

THY birth day ! yes, 'tis thine, thou—distant, lone—
No loved voice near to cheer thee ; no, not one :
No “ happy wishes ” greet thy listening ear,
Nor love's sweet tokens to thy gaze appear.

II.


Art thou alone ? uncared for ? unforgot ?
This day remind thee lonely is thy lot ?
Is the heart sinking as thy memory flies
To Home, to England, with her changeeful skies ?

III.

Alone ? No, not alone ; God is with thee :
To Him thy heart uplift, and bow the knee :
Strong in His strength, the world and sin defy,
And lean on Him, whose power is ever nigh.

IV.

Uncared for ? unforgot ? No, absent one,
Not till life cease, and memory, too, is gone ;
In spirit follow to the Mercy-seat,
And hear the pleadings at the Saviour's feet.



V.

Thy Natal day ! for thee what prayers arise,
Like balmy incense reaching to the skies ;
Upward it floats—on, onward does it go,
Thy own prayers meeting, blending now they flow.

VI.

Sacred the tie that binds my heart to thine,
I've not forgot the vows that once were mine :
How have they been performed ? let conscience speak—
I ask for mercy, and for pardon seek.

VII.

That tie still binds, nor but with life shall cease,
And now I pray for happiness and peace ;
For wisdom to direct thy youthful heart,
“ The one thing needful,” yea, the better part.

VIII.

Thy Natal day ! joy, joy to thy young heart,
Thou need'st not words to tell how dear thou art :
One line will sum up all I have to say,
“ Happy returns of this, thy Natal day !”

The Jewels of the Months.

In Poland, according to a superstitious belief, each month of the year is under the influence of some precious stone, which influence is attached to the circumstances of persons born during the course of the month. It is, consequently, usual for friends to make on birth-days, presents, consisting of some jewel, ornamented with the particular gem.

I.

LITHUANIA, once royal and free,
Now riven and laid in the dust ;
Yet still there is pity for thee,
In hearts that are feeling and just.

II.

How many a tale we have read,
Of those who for plunder were rife,
And some, who to conflict were led,
With spirits all brave in the strife.

III.

Thy sons were both loyal and true,
No cowards—they well play'd their rôle,
And history gives them their due,
Whilst sympathy covers the whole.

IV.

Thy daughters ! how fair and how good !
Devoted, the child and the wife ;
O, nobly their hearts understood
Their place in the battle of life.

V.

Now scatter'd o'er earth they are seen,
"The stranger" in many a land;
They think of their homes that *have been*,
And weep, because broken their band.

VI.

Yes, many a tale they can tell,
Of those that no more they shall see;
Of statesmen, of warriors that fell,
To save the lov'd hearths once so free.

VII.


Traditional lore! what a host
Of fancyings surely were there!
Time was when they made it their boast,
Their guardians were sprites of the air.

VIII.

Yea, even the months of the year,
Were sacred to gems or to flow'rs;
In beauteous array did appear
Earth's jewels to show forth love's pow'rs.

IX.

We've gather'd the hedge-rows "wild flowers,"
And tied up their "cuttings" so sweet;
Have heard the birds sing in their bowers,
And watch'd the lark spring from our feet:



X.

Have roam'd through the garden's parterre,
And cull'd the bright roses that glow;
Have gazed on the beauties that there,
Our Maker on us did bestow.

XI.

We've told of the colors that shine,
Enthralling our visions so bright;
And *now*, 'tis the stones from the mine,
We wish to bring forth to the light.

XII.


O, now for some magical touch,
Some sweet inspiration of thought;
The gems, may they come forth as such,
Though rough from my "cutting" they're brought.

XIII.

We love what we lov'd in our youth,
Revere the strange legend of old;
Though fable be mixed with the truth,
We'll sever the dross from the gold.

XIV.

First month of the "happy new year,"
What hopes and what fears are oft thine!
Firm constancy, truth shall appear,
In wreaths that with Garnets we'll twine.



XV.

Then next on the list we will place
The month to St. Valentine dear :
The Amethyst there we embrace,
Sincerity, peace in the rear.

XVI.

Then March with its sunshine and storm,
Now blustering, then mild is the day ;
The Blood-stone shall point out the form,
Where courage, love, wisdom, have sway.

XVII.

Then bright, budding April shall mix,
It's leaves with its flow'rets combined ;
And the Diamond with Sapphires we fix,
With innocence—kindness of mind.

XVIII.

May! May! merry month of them all,
When creation has burst into life ;
Bring Emeralds—sweet green cannot pall,
For love is with happiness rife.

XIX.

Then June with its stores of rich wealth,
Has Agate to blazon them forth ;
With life, with prosperity, health,
No gems can out-do these in worth.

XX.

July, with its vertical sun,
A picture of false friendship's glare;
The Ruby the conquest hath won,
Exempt from forgetting the snare.

XXI.

Hail, August! we welcome thee now,
Thou'rt fraught with rich gifts from above;
The Sardonyx shines on thy brow,
Fit emblem of conjugal love.

XXII.


September! what blessings untold,
When we reap thy rich crops for our care;
As Chrysolites, gleaming like gold,
From us they must banish despair.

XXIII.

October! connecting link thou,
'Tween light and the dark days to come;
Is hope or distress on thy brow?
The Opal will banish the gloom.

XXIV.

November! that month of our dread,
What joy did thy mists ever give?
'Neath rays from the bright Topaz head,
Both friendship, fidelity live.



XXV.

December! the last crowning one,
That God in his mercy has given
To man, guilty man, there was shown,
A gift, yea, the greatest in heaven.

XXVI.

O say, will it do if we take
The Turquoise to finish the whole?
The sound that the shepherds did wake,
Was "peace upon earth to each soul."

XXVII.

And now in this legend so strange
What Truth can the spirit discern?
The young mind is longing for change,
In what it is striving to learn.

XXVIII.

Yet here what anxiety lies!
What obstacles great to surmount!
Up, parents and teachers arise,
And lead to Creation's sweet fount!

XXIX.

Its streams—how reviving and pure;
They're free unto all who will search—
There, all that we gather is sure
To ennoble—to cheer—to refresh.

XXX.

We'll banish the name of romance,
It lives but in minds that are weak—
The mind! who can tell its expanse?
Or fathom the depths it would seek?

XXXI.

How awful the trust that's reposed
In those that the young have to guide;
Take care that by you are not closed
The openings that let in truth's tide.

XXXII.

O, crush not the genius within,
Nor bury the talent bestowed,
But tight draw the reins against sin,
And check where the stream hath wrong flow'd.

XXXIII.

Unpinion the wings of the mind,
And up to the skies let them soar;
Let them float 'mid the ether refined,
And feast on Astronomy's lore.

XXXIV.

Then back to our earth let them come,
(How gentle and safe the descent)—
O, watch till they put forth their bloom—
The morning of life be well spent.

XXXV.

Let them list to the waterfall's roar,
Then toil up the steep mountain's side ;
Next, ramble and muse on the shore,
And watch the great Ocean's full tide

XXXVI.

Yes, down to the coral caves dive,
And all their gay wonders explore ;
Then fly with the birds, t'will revive
The spirit that's thirsting for lore.

XXXVII.

Away then, to bush and to brake,
And hear the sweet chorus that's sung ;
Then off to some clear silvery lake ;
Watch circles by pebbles there flung.

XXXVIII.

In fancy, then, mounting their steed,
They'll travel the globe in an hour ;
Don't try, for you'll never succeed
To chain the young mind by your power.

XXXIX.

Here, let them go forth as they will,
'Tis yours both to guide and support :
O, call them not "idle," but fill
Every sail that will help them to port.

XL.

Encourage their tastes if you can,
 'Twill triumph and mar every plot ;
O, banish self-will from your plan—
 No pearls from the ruby are got.

XLI.

These children are gems from the mine,
 Rough-hewn from the one parent block ;
In them there's a spirit divine,
 A spark that will flash if right struck.

XLII.


'Tis your's the pure setting to make,
 By means must the polish be given ;
Take care, then, what metal you take
 To adorn these bright jewels of heaven.

XLIII.

The Saviour for them still atones,
 They're precious, redeemed by His blood ;
Then, cut them for bright corner stones,
 Prepared for the temple of God.

XLIV.

In private be seen with them oft,
 And pour forth your pleadings and prayers ;
By faith you must bear them aloft,
 And teach them to conquer earth's cares.



XLV.

Then come like a giant refreshed,
Unerring—go, train by “The Book”—
And seek in Creation a zest,
Whilst searching each corner and nook.

XLVI.

Yes, take them on wings of the morn,
And fly o’er the uttermost sea :
O, tell them they’re never forlorn—
No spot where their God cannot be.

XLVII.

Bid, bid them beware of earth’s froth,
The dress—changing fashion’s sad snare,
Lest in the great day of His wrath
Your children “have nothing to wear.”

XLVIII.

O, train them each one in their sphere,
They’ll shine forth in pleasing array,
And thus, like the months of the year,
These jewels will sparkle and play.

XLIX.

And now from this legend so strange,
Some truth we have brought out to view,
Forgiveness we ask in exchange,
And give the intention its due.

To my Book.

I.

AND now with beating heart I send thee forth
On the wide world, to *try* what thou art worth ;
Like anxious mother parting with her child,
Sent forth alone from those who ever smiled.

II.

The infidel may laugh—the critic scorn
Such simple verse, of all adornment shorn :
My heart's ambition was to lead to God,
To allure the young, to cheer 'neath sorrow's rod.

III.

Enough for me the smile of those I love,
And better still, th' approval from above ;
The whisper, " she hath done whate'er she could"—
Reward, how great ! for trying to do good.

IV.

Then venture forth, and teach some mother true
To lead her child a God in all to view .
So shall my chosen motto still remain—
" Forget the verse, but, O, the truths retain !"

ERRATA.

- Page 49. HEART'S EASE—line 7, read *when* skies do lower, instead of *where*.
Page 62. WATER LILY—line 7, read *where 'ere* instead of *where 're*.
Page 134. BIRDS—line 18, read Beyond the bright skies a home *I* may claim.
Page 145. BELL BIRD—line 10, read *flutterer* instead of *flutter*.
Page 158. THE SWALLOW—line 1, read Thus it is, &c.
Page 184. Line 9, read *whither* instead of *with'er*.
Page 186. Line 10, read *snare* instead of *sharr*.
Page 189. Line 19, for *scanned* read *scar'd*.

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